THE BYSTANDER, JUNE 10TH 1931

the BYSTANDER

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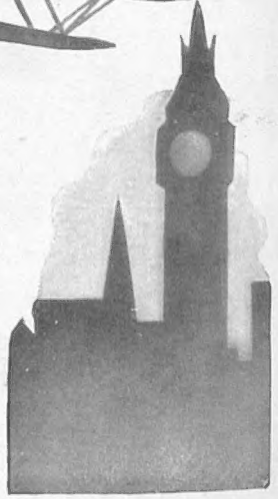

The Bystander, June 10, 1931

No. 1434. Vol. CX.

the BYSTANDER

BY LEON HERON

"OUT OF THE BLUE"

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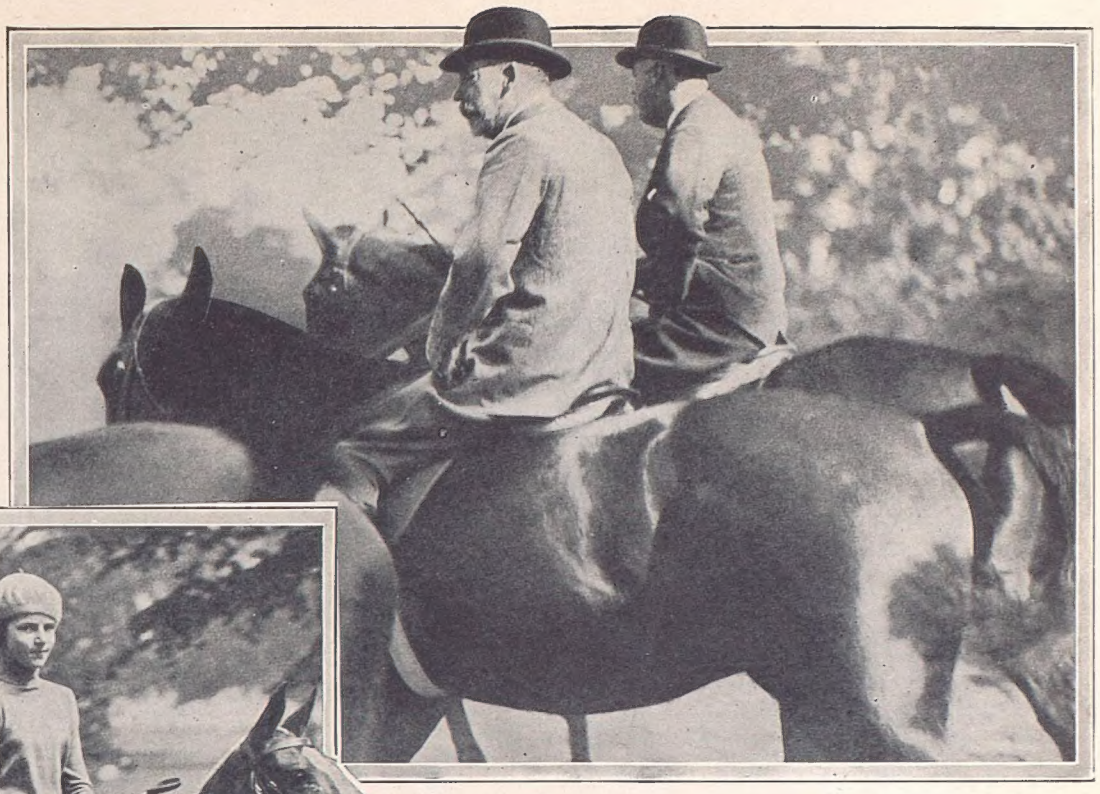
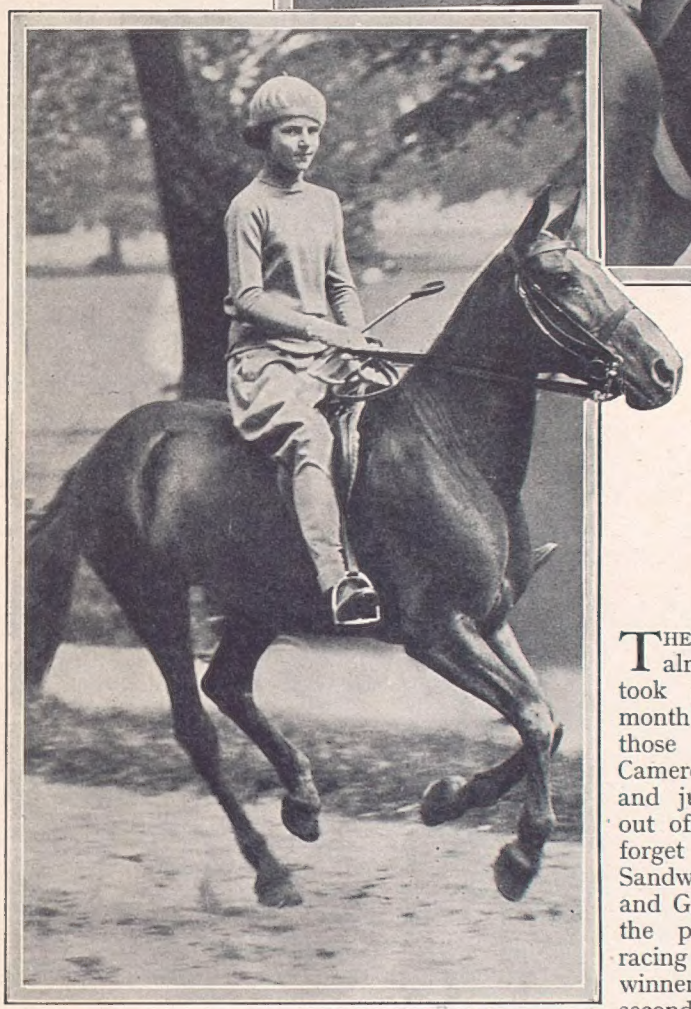


A welcome indication that His Majesty's health is better than it has been for a long time is provided by the fact that he has taken up riding for the first time since his illness in 1928. He is seen here in the saddle during a morning's exercise in the Row



Little Phillipa Hastings, the ten-year-old daughter of Sir Patrick Hastings, the famous King's Counsel, and of Lady Hastings, out for a canter in the Row. She has entered in the Children's Class at the International Horse Show at Olympia

the passing hour

THE Derby seems already as though it took place at least a month ago, and yet those of us who saw Cameronian coming home and just beating Orpen out of it will not easily forget the scene, with Sandwich just behind, and Gallini never out of the picture. As our racing expert gave the winner as well as the second, BYSTANDER readers should have no cause to complain of the result.

FOR the first time in its aristocratic history, Carlton House Terrace has seen the bailiffs being put in. This took place on Derby Day. "Yes," said one of the richest men in England to me that evening. "We had the bums in our Terrace to-day." It was a graphic phrase, and made still more graphic by the millionaire's account of the bowler-hatted men making an inventory of all the goods in the house. Can you guess who their victim was?

MAYFAIR'S best-known bookie told me afterwards that it was the worst day for the ring in the history of racing. "My little lot dropped nine thousand pounds alone," he said, but, under pressure, had to admit that his firm had bought half-shares in Irish Sweep tickets of each of the first three horses. He called that, however, just a side-line.

THE question is now—what will Cameronian do in the St. Leger? It is years since there was a winner of the Triple Crown, and it is six years since there was a winner of the Two Thousand and the Derby. Mr. Arthur Dewar is a lucky man, but he is a modest one. His great ambition is to take off a stone-and-a-half in weight. That of the Aga Khan is to win a golf competition. Both have now won the Derby—but such is life.

MEMBERS of the Bath Club, by the way, are feeling rather sore about the winner of the Club sweep. For, without being unchivalrous, they are naturally aggrieved that it was won by a woman member of the Club. Always in the past it has been won by some male member, who bought drinks all round. But that can hardly be expected in the circumstances. The winning ticket, incidentally, is worth something like £1,000.

MY own Derby experience was that I managed to get a small double on Mavine filly and Cameronian

A CAMERA CAUSERIE FROM EPSOM:

and then heard that Whoopee, Sir Afred Butt's horse, was sure to win the five o'clock. But though I telephoned my man for half an hour before the Derby in order to double Cameronian with Whoopee—which won at 13/2—I could not get him. His line was fully engaged.

ROYAL Enclosure vouchers for Ascot will have been issued by the time this appears in print, and this year I expect a far higher percentage of women than usual will take them up and get their badges. For this year the Tote will be in full swing, and even if there is a dearth of young men to put on bets for them on the rails, they will be able to bet on the machine. For presumably they will not be forbidden to do this. The savour of racing without "something on" is entirely lost.

PRINCE GEORGE AND LADY MAUD BAILLIE

Mr. J. A. Dewar leading his horse, Cameronian, into th victory in the Derby. It was the first time for four year Orpen, the second horse home, was consistently favoured b gave its many supporters a happ

LADY FIONA PRATT AND HER FIANCÉ, SIR GEORGE FULLER

LADY WARRENDER AND MR. HARRY BROWN IN THE PADDOCK

MANY of the hats had some kind of white trimming. White, indeed, is now most popular. At the Derby ball nearly all the smartest women were in white, which went well with the long white gloves necessitated by the presence of Prince George and the Prince of Wales. Lady Dalkeith and Lady Plunket, it is true, were in blue, while Lady Louis Mountbatten and the Duchess of Westminster were other exceptions. But still, white held the field.

GLOUCESTER PLACE is becoming smarter every day. Older residents like Lady Saltoun and Mr. Gerald Kelly, R.A., are being joined by young people like the Drury-Lowes and Mr. Chips Channon, Miss Nancy Mitford, and others. The Drury-Lowes gave a very successful cocktail party there as a house-warming the other afternoon. Small cold sausages and champagne cocktails added to the gaiety of the occasion, which was noticeable for the large number of pretty girls in large hats in place of bérets. "Eats" at cocktail parties now postpone dinner to a later hour.

ON my mantelpiece at the moment are invitations to such varied affairs as, among others, Lady Butler's dance for her debutante daughter Doreen on June 23; the wedding of Lady Stalbridge's niece, Nancy Nixon, to Mr. Patrick Mills at All Souls, Langham Place, to-morrow; and to Mrs. Whigham's dance out at Sunningdale next month for her daughter Margaret. I have also

CELEBRITIES AT THE FAVOURITE'S DERBY

unsaddling enclosure after Freddie Fox had ridden it to that a favourite won the Derby, and Cameronian, which, with "The Bystander's" Racing Correspondent, "Old Orkney," day at the expense of the bookmakers

LORD ROSEBERY AND PRINCESS MARY

LADY NORTH, I see, has just given birth to another daughter. It is no secret that she and her husband were both very anxious to have a son and heir. They are, however, by no means as unlucky as a certain well-known polo player, who has now no fewer than eight daughters, and no sons. That must be nearly a record.

S

AS to polo, the sensation of the moment is the astonishing success of the Merchiston team. This team is headed by the only Dutchman I have ever known to play polo. He is M. Madelener, and has been wise enough to choose Captain Scott-Robson, Mr. Humphrey Guinness, and Captain Saunderson, the Indian Army player, to complete his team, which has been carrying everything before it, and is now in the final of the Whitney Cup, which it ought to win on form.

S

M. MADELENER'S fortune is in oil—a very nice thing for anybody to be financially interested in. The reason why he chose the name Merchiston is a very simple one. It is

MRS. PAUL PHIPPS AND LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE

tickets for the Waterloo Ball. Altogether, there is a very busy time ahead of us all.

S

SEVERAL pretty girls whom one might expect to see during the season are not in London. Among them are Sir John Leigh's pretty daughter Marjorie and her great friend, Diana Fellowes. They are now in Kenya Colony, but whether they have shot anything ferocious or large, like a lion or elephant, I do not know. Nor, I gather, does Sir John. Until recently, at any rate, he had not heard from them since they landed.

S

WHAT a contrast a big game expedition must be from Witley Park, Miss Marjorie Leigh's home near Guildford. This enormous place used to belong to Whittaker Wright, and is famous for the ballroom under the lake, which can be seen through the glass roof. Sir John does not look anything like his years—which are 45 in number. However, he has been married nearly a quarter of a century, and has a son up at Oxford who will probably get a first in his finals this summer.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CARNARVON

THE MARCHIONESS CURZON AND LT.-COL. SIR MATHEW WILSON

the name of the villa, or rather house, in Putney which he has rented for the season in order to be close to the polo field. Incidentally, he and his team are all very well mounted, though Mr. Humphrey Guinness is so much at Tidworth that he does not have much time to school his ponies.

S

Two pretty girls, both of very good family, are beginning to make their mark in the concert world now. One is Margaret Elwes, the daughter of the famous singer and sister of the artist. The other is Victoria Erskine, the daughter of Lord Erskine. Miss Erskine has an excellent mezzo-soprano voice, and I hear that she is giving a concert at the Wigmore Hall in the week following Ascot.

S

At the Opera, Maria Nemeth has made a great success in Turandot, a part she has never sung in England before. She is a handsome creature, and wears the most opulent costumes—one of which has a train fourteen feet long. Meantime, the Italian season has been doing exceptionally well, and Autori's caricatures have attracted his admirers as much as his singing. You must certainly see his efforts at delineating Mussolini and Sir Oswald Mosley.

S

During her brief "season" of two weeks at the Royal Opera House in July, Madame Ida Rubinstein will present ten ballets and two dramatic plays—*Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien* and *La Dame aux Camellias*. The ballet *Orphée*, which will be given on Friday, July 10, vies in interest with d'Annunzio's *Le Martyre* itself, for since it was composed its history has been curious. It was finished by M. Roger-Ducasse in 1913, and had its first performance on the concert platform at St. Petersburg in January, 1914. Then it was decided to give its first stage production in St. Petersburg in November, 1914.

Central Press

The two debutante daughters of Mr. Lewis Rose Macleod who were presented at last night's Court. Their father, who was Literary Editor of the "Daily Mail" under Lord Northcliffe, later took over the Editorship of "The Rand Daily Mail"

Lenare

MISS NANCYE EVELYN LETTS

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman A. Letts, of Posterns Court, Holmwood, Surrey. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. Lewis Alfred Powell, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Radclyffe L. Powell of Banstead Grange, Banstead

Lenare

MISS JEAN FERGUSON

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. William Eldon Tucker, F.R.C.S., the famous England Rugby player. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Ferguson, of Garlands, Billingshurst, Sussex

Lenare

MISS ELIZABETH KATHLEEN MARTIN

Who is engaged to Lieutenant Kenneth P. M. Edwards, R.N., the elder son of Brigadier-General J. B. and Mrs. Edwards. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Trowbridge Martin, of Seend House, Wilts, and New York City

DEBUTANTES AT THE THIRD COURT

Dorothy Wilding

THE HON. SHEILA BERRY

Who was presented at the Court held yesterday (Tuesday). She is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Camrose, of Barrow Hills, Long Cross, Surrey, and Seamore Place, Mayfair

FOKINE had prepared the choreography and intended to take the part of Orpheus himself. The War, however, made the Russian production impossible; and in this way it fell to Madame Rubinstein to give *Orphée* its first stage presentation, which she accomplished at the Paris Opera in June, 1926. She was then Orpheus, of course. The composer had had to wait thirteen years in order to see his work achieve the destiny for which he had intended it. It is a very remarkable composition. It is a great symphonic poem which must be danced and sung, and it is not surprising that Madame Rubinstein's production of it won the unanimous approval of the French critics.

IT is a great pity when a really good exhibition of fine works of art does not get real attention, especially when it is for so good an object as the East London Hospital for Children. Lady Patricia Ramsay is connected with it, but unfortunately it was opened at the Dorchester just when everyone was thinking about the Irish Sweep. In a small suite of rooms put at the disposal of the committee by Sir Francis Towle there are treasures to be seen which have been insured for £500,000.

I AM sorry to hear, by the way, that Miss Molly Towle, Sir Francis's pretty debutante daughter, has put her hip out. When last I heard, she had been on her back, unable to move, for nearly four days. No doubt, though, she is partly comforted by her entrancing terrier pup, Amanda, who is only a few weeks old, and even now is not very good at walking as straight as might be.

I HEAR from Lady Sackville that Princess Arthur of Connaught has agreed to open the great garden fête at Knole, on July 1, in aid of the Waifs and Strays. Lord and Lady Sackville are lending their famous gardens for the fête, and the stone court of Knole will form a background for scenes from Shakespeare's *King Henry* VIII. This open-air theatre is being organised by Lady Susan Birch, and it would be impossible to have a better "set," or a pleasanter way of spending an afternoon.

THE Golf Open Championship, which was concluded at Carnoustie last week, has fanned the great Ryder Cup controversy into fiercer flame than ever. The critics—and their name is legion—of the Selection Committee point, with mournful satisfaction, to the comparatively lowly places occupied by Britain's representatives who will take part in the competition against the United States, and ask pathetically how can we hope to put up a really good show with a team which, at the end of the first round at Carnoustie, occupied a position averaging out at thirty-third on the list.

Speaight

MISS PATRICIA RICHARDS

The daughter of Mr. Kenneth Richards, of New South Wales. She was presented at last night's Court by Lady Ryrie, the wife of Major-Gen. Sir Granville Ryrie, the High Commissioner for Australia in London

DERBY NIGHT CELEBRATIONS: WITH OUR

IT certainly looks as though the Selection Committee will have a pretty tough job in justifying their choice, but they are doubtless capable of doing so. Past experience has taught us that official bodies can, when put to it, justify any action taken by them in the past!

THOUGH golfing critics may rise in their thousands and revile the luckless Ryder Cup selectors, lawn-tennis enthusiasts can have no cause to grumble at the performances put up by our Davis Cup players at Eastbourne when they met South Africa last week. In the singles, F. J. Perry, a young player who is steadily growing better and better, made light work of N. G. Farquharson, for whom he accounted in three straight sets with the loss of but eight games; but, excellent though this performance was, it was the playing of H. W. Austin in his match against V. G. Kirby, who had twice beaten him in S. Africa, which afforded the greatest proof of the improvement in morale among our young players which is evidencing itself this season.

The Duke of Westminster, Lady Dashwood and Mr. Francis Todd at the Derby Eve Ball at Grosvenor House, given in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital

Portrait of a Hostess. Mrs. Van Vleck with some of the souvenirs presented to her guests at her Derby Night party

Celebrating Cameronian's victory at the Monseigneur Restaurant. The party seen above includes Mr. Vanzelder, the Baroness d'Hurval and Prince Tongtor

TO be six times within one point of losing the match and then to fight back so effectively as to carry the fifth and last set at 6—3 is a performance of which Austin may well be proud. It certainly shows us "Bunny" in a new and encouraging light which augurs well for the future of the game in this country.

FLYING is in the air—as a contemporary so ingenuously observed recently—and more than ever will this be the case on Saturday next, for on that day the first Oxford and Cambridge Air Race for past and present members will take place at Cambridge, and it is expected that at least twenty machines will compete. A Challenge

UBIQUITOUS CAMERA ON THE "WESTERN FRONT"

RACING HINTS.

By "Old Orkney"

GRAND BREEZE lost the lead but came again gamely to finish second over five furlongs on Derby Day. I look upon this filly as a certain winner in the near future.

SMILE should make a successful sprinter. Was always well in the picture behind Corn Cracker at Epsom, and should be followed with confidence.

GOLDEN HAIR was strongly fancied to win the Great Surrey Foal Plate at Epsom and was backed accordingly. Finished third. Will improve a lot when more experienced.

FORAGE CAP was named in whispers by the knowing ones at Epsom, and he beat all but En Garde over a mile and a quarter. Losses should be recovered.

ST. KOSCIE failed to keep out the consistent Boy Painter at Epsom in a mile race. Be on him next time out.

VINCENT SQUARE will have benefited by his race over five furlongs at Epsom where he finished second. Was considered a certainty by many good judges. Next time perhaps.

After the race was won and lost. A party at the Piccadilly Hotel including R. A. Jones, who rode Orpen, which finished second in the Derby, and R. Perryman, who was up on Mr. A. de Rothschild's Armagnac in the same race

Another Derby Night photograph from the Monseigneur. Prince and Princess Hohenlohe discuss the day's racing and the evening's dinner

Bowl has been presented for the race, which will consist of two triangular circuits of twelve and a half miles, and this means that the machines will pass and turn over the aerodrome once during the race, as well as starting and finishing there.

OTHER events include an open balloon-bursting competition — doubtless in honour of May Week, which, as everyone knows, is so called because it occupies a fortnight and takes place in the month of June, when "bursts" of various sorts are conspicuous by their presences—and an obstacle race open to members of the University. A race between three airmen flying similar machines, aerobatics and parachute exhibitions will be other attractions at this meeting at Cambridge.

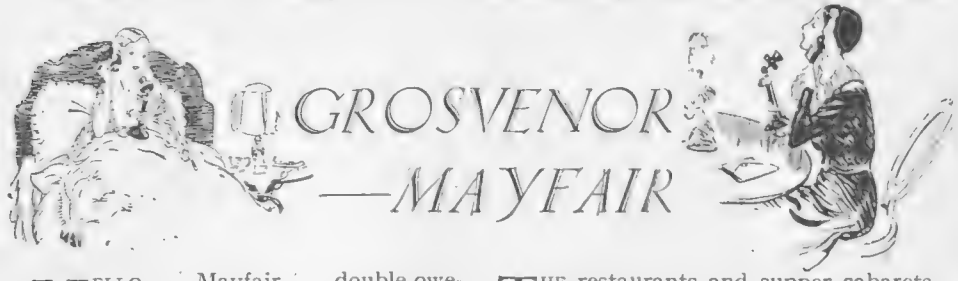
Miss Tracy Simpson and Mr. du Cros possibly thinking of those winners they might have backed, but did not, whilst dining at the Monseigneur on Derby Night

Stephanie Stephens, who is appearing in the successful revival of "The Geisha" at Daly's Theatre

THE entire programme will be completed between the hours of two and five-thirty in the afternoon, so it is unnecessary to say that there will be no intervals, and there will be something interesting to watch all the time. Indeed, it is not boredom with which the audience will be threatened; it is a crick in the neck through gazing heavenwards at the activities of the performers during the three and a half hours.

Lenare

Major the Hon. Cecil Weld-Forester, Royal Horse Guards, the only son of Lord and Lady Forester, and Miss Priscilla Perrott, the elder daughter of the late Colonel Sir Herbert Perrott and of Lady Perrott, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. With them are the best man, Mr. Eion Merry, and the bridesmaids, Lady Flavia Giffard, Lady Rosemary Brudenell-Bruce, Lady Myrtle Jellicoe, the Hon. Sheila Blampfylde and the Misses Helena Perrott, Mary Forester, Clare Whitaker, Betty Locker-Lampson and Muriel Watson



HELLO . . . Mayfair . . . double-owe-four-three. . . . Hello, good-evening, Baa, my cherub . . . yes, dead! There has been so much to do that I'm worn out . . . yes, I'm just changing to go to the Cunningham-Reids' squash party . . . it ought to be great fun. . . .

THE Prince of Wales hurt his right thumb slightly last week . . . not badly, only enough to make him bandage it with adhesive plaster . . . however, I saw him looking very well at a new restaurant just opened, where Ferraro . . . who was so many years at Ciro's . . . presides as maître d'hôtel . . .

I hear that the Duchess of York . . . very attractive in pale mauve . . . also visited the restaurant, and was delighted with the Harmony Kings, whose fine voices supplement the band . . .

GENERALLY at this time of the season . . . some people appear in most peculiar clothes. . . . I think it must be due to the influence of the Russian Ballet . . . however, Imogen Gage, whom I saw at the Lyceum the other night, is not affected in that way, for she was very chic in black with a white fur collar . . . but Wanda Baillie-Hamilton has appeared in a dress vaguely reminiscent of Kneller's portraits . . a red skirt . . . a long brocade bodice . . . with a pointed corsage back and front . . . and lace frills from elbow-sleeves. . . .

THE restaurants and supper cabarets are such fun that private dances are hardly a counter-attraction unless the hostess is very clever . . . poor little wilting wallflowers . . . last week all their beaux were at the Monseigneur . . . where Douglas Byng is a riot in spite of purity. . . .

I WAS so glad to see Dorothy Plunkett here . . . looking perfectly lovely in spite of her long illness . . . she has sold her house in Upper Brook Street . . . but I know one that will go with her wherever she moves . . . a china pig . . . almost life-size, which is very lucky . . . it belongs to the Plunkett family.

HOW few people dress rightly for every occasion . . . at the new Poulsen's Club at Datchet . . . I was amused to see how many were wrongly attired . . . black satin . . . elaborate georgette and chiffons are definitely out of place. . . . Dorothy Dickson was correct in a pale pink woollen suit . . . also Claire Windsor, the film star, who was dancing with Prince George and was in white stockinette . . . but Lady . . . . however, I had better not mention names. . . . I do not think in a public place it is very dignified . . . for a well-known and beautiful lady . . . to pinch her friends, however playfully, continually while dancing. . . .

JUDY DENMAN, who has just become engaged to Walter Burrell, is clever, and although she looks it . . . does so attractively . . . she is extraordinarily good at games, and has very charming manners . . . to everybody . . . to my mind a decided virtue.

I CAN say the same of another bride-to-be . . . Patricia Smiley, who is to marry Rupert Tollemache. . . . Patricia is small . . . fair . . . and very pretty. . . . Peggy Fenwick wears the lowest-backed evening dresses in London . . . of course, you know her better as Peggy Marsh . . . she is very chic . . . and amusing . . . but her cocktails, my dear, are too strong for me . . . altogether.

I HEAR that a certain lady who lost her bag during a rehearsal for a charity matinée . . . caused a scene, as it contained, according to her . . a latchkey and some money . . . eventually discovered . . the money was intact, but not the latchkey . . . the finder . . . who is eminently connected with the theatre in question . . . assured her in no uncertain language . . . that as far as he was concerned the loss was not his fault. . . .

Claud Harris

MISS ROSE BINGHAM

One of the most beautiful debutantes of the year who, it is rumoured, is engaged to the twenty-year-old Earl of Warwick. She is the daughter of the late Mr. David Bingham and of Lady Rosabelle Brand

DERBY night was a gala everywhere. . . . I saw Sheila Milbanke looking most attractive after her success of the Derby Ball. . . . A few years ago she used to look sad, but now she is one of our gayest and most radiant beauties. . . .

DARLING, I must fly! I shall be late for dinner. . . . Did you enjoy the Wooly-Hart dance last night? . . . You were asked by the Malacridas, weren't you? . . . I can't stop for your reply . . . my maid says it is eight-thirty. Good-bye, darling. . . .

TWO DELIGHTFUL SOCIETY WEDDINGS

A gay little page and bridesmaids leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, in the wake of Viscount Harcourt and his bride, the Hon. Betty Grosvenor, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Ebury

Another glimpse of the pretty daughter of Lord and Lady Ebury and her husband, Lord Harcourt, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Capt. Arthur Heywood Lonsdale and Miss Jean Hamilton-Russell leaving the Guards' Chapel after their wedding last week. The bride is the only child of the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Hamilton-Russell, of Bayards, Steyning, and a niece of Lord and Lady Boyne

AT THE PLAY

TEAM WORK AND A LONE

Mrs. Gather (Mary Brough), a theatrical landlady who does not even give credit where credit is due

picture would surely lack something without the forbidding humour of Mary Brough—this time as a landlady who demands unpaid rent and sees that she gets it.

S

AND what of the story? Well, also as usual, it is a little complicated, but one leaves the theatre with some vague idea that all the hullabaloo was due to the fact that a pretty girl in a pierrot troupe, which had been left stranded by a manager who had skipped with the meagre takings, was pursued by the lodging-house keeper, who made insistent demands on her purse, and a male member of the company who made insistent demands upon her virtue.

S

DOES the fact that knight errant Ralph Lynn is engaged to be married stop his falling in love with the little lady? Not a bit of it! He shatters his engagement and hands over his mis-fit to the worldly wise Tom Walls, who, like Barkis, is willing, but not before the hen-pecked husband of J. Robertson Hare is robbed of the money collected by carol-singing to pay the heroine's landlady, and is discovered by his wife in a compromising situation in Miss Shotter's bedroom in a temperance hotel, aptly described as a Sarsaparilla Speakeasy!

S

A GOOD farce, a funny farce, and, on occasions, a vulgar farce, in which the audience revels—especially the vulgarity! Perfectly produced by Tom Walls, whose eye for detail in the bedroom scene must be seen to be believed, it is played with the riotously high spirits combined with finesse which is an object-lesson on the way that farce should be handled.

Ruth Draper at the Vaudeville

RUTH DRAPER is paying another short visit to London, and London should pay to see this almost diabolically clever artist. Although this is a one-woman show, yet such is her supreme skill that a stage empty but for herself becomes filled with people. Watch her "Opening a Bazaar," and before she has finished we know all about those present. They live before our eyes, and in

"Turkey Time," at the Aldwych

BEN TRAVERS, the stock dramatist at the Aldwych Theatre, has, in *Turkey Time*, once again fitted the stock company at the Aldwych Theatre with a new suit of the old pattern, and I, for one, am glad that there is no change here in farcical fashions.

S

ONCE more do we see Ralph Lynn making a mess of rescuing a damsel in distress, who is, of course, Winifred Shotter; once more there is Tom Walls depicting a raffish middle-aged man whose conversation occasionally verges on the Rabelaisian; here again for our delight is J. Robertson Hare as the hen-pecked husband whose bald pate one expects an overbearing wife to treat as she would a breakfast egg; while the

Max Wheeler (Tom Walls) left, and David Winterton (Ralph Lynn) right, being urgently in need of cash, collar the carol collection secured by Edwin Stoatt (J. Robertson Hare)

HAND By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "TURKEY TIME," AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

Dignity in Distress. Edwin Stoatt (J. Robertson Hare), a churchwarden be it said, caught in a compromising situation in the bedroom of Rose Adair (Winifred Shotter) by his wife (Norma Vardin), a striking portrait of whose umbrella is on the left, while David Winterton (Ralph Lynn) and Max Wheeler (Tom Walls) watch the scene with amusement from an outside ladder

years to come we shall almost believe that the vicar, the old coachman, the band of boy scouts, the old gentleman in the invalid chair, and a host of characters were all present in person on the stage.

EVEN more clever is *Three Women and Mr. Clifford*. Here we see the super-efficient secretary who runs the financier's home as well as his office, and who adores her boss. The curtain falls and we see Mrs. Clifford returning from the theatre with her husband in a motor car, a picture of a hard, self-centred woman. Finally, Mrs. Mallory, the soothing mistress, is revealed with Mr. Clifford, and in these three scenes are condensed a three-act play of far greater interest than many I have seen where a big cast takes the place of one woman. I doubt if there has ever been another Ruth Draper. I doubt if there ever will be another.

"The Heir" at the Kingsway.

TO those for whom an unpleasant play possesses an irresistible appeal I can strongly recommend *The Heir*, by Antoine Bibesco; and good acting by S. Esmé Percy as a septuagenarian peer, and Greta Keller as a lady doctor, helps to make it all the more unpleasant. Other characters in the cast suffer from the hands of an author who has been extremely unkind to them. Personally, I have no objection to unpleasantness on the stage provided that the dramatist knows how to handle his material, but in this case Antoine Bibesco's strong scenes strike me as being extremely crude.

Trocabaret at the Trocadero

ONE by one music halls in the West End have 'verted from variety, and the Alhambra is now housing musical comedy revivals. In fact, the only single-turns to be seen nowadays anywhere near Piccadilly are at the Trocadero, where there is a change of bill every week for the entertainment of diners, and a very good bill the Trocabaret is. When I was there the other evening Randolph Sutton sang some amusing songs, Clapham and Dwyer were broadcasting in person, the Five Hungarians sang Schubert's Serenade and "Three Blind Mice"—not, I believe, by Schubert, while Maurice, in the intervals of acting as maître d'hôtel, played the part of compère and sang songs reminiscent of the days when Paulus was at the Trocadero and the Trocadero was a music-hall. This Trocabaret, where one can dine and be entertained without moving, is a distinct rival to both theatre and variety house.

V. W.

Max Wheeler (Tom Walls), Mrs. Gather (Mary Brough) and David Winterton (Ralph Lynn) engage in a little back chat on financial affairs. The empty pocket shown on the right is emblematic of the state of the finances of the male pair, a depression relieved when they purloin the carol-singers' takings, as shown on the opposite page

PARIS GOSSIP

For the first time in history an English Cardinal, Cardinal Vaughan, has been appointed Papal Legate, and he is here seen representing the Pope at the Joan of Arc celebrations at Rouen, walking past the Guard of Honour with the Prefect and Archbishop of Rouen

CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN By Sylvia Lyon

THIS is the purely visual season in Paris, with hats as the highlights. Before going into this any further, I may state that one highlight of the week was not a hat. It was an imprimée dress standing on the Vendôme steps of the Ritz. In the dress on the steps was the Baronne de Cartier de Marchienne, oblivious of the fact that the penetrating rays of a mid-day sun revealed that the wife of the Belgian Ambassador in London was going out without a petticoat. Perhaps this should not be mentioned, so, to make matters worse, I will relate another story. Some time ago an American presented the Queen of Spain with some beautiful silk stockings. But the King returned the gift with the message, "The Queen has no legs."

S

I WILL now speak of higher things; hats are so before the eyes these days. It was only a few weeks ago that I saw the young Princess Carlo Ruspoli, née Volpi, enter L'Ange Bleu wearing a tiny black straw hat tipped low over the right eye and flaring high above right and left ears. People smiled indulgently. What was considered funny a few weeks ago is classic now. Paris is thronged with visitors who, instead of stopping to look at the Arc de Triomphe, stop dead to look at the hats. One of the best sites for stopping dead (not at the races; we let the horses do that) is before the terrace of Fouquet. Somebody, by the way, should invent a new scheme of make-up that will not make faces resemble the brilliant fetiches at the Colonial Exhibition when dining in broad daylight at nine o'clock in the evening. On the other hand, mild make-up at nine looks insipid at ten. It is a grave problem.

S

THE now famous "Mercure" hat of Suzanne Talbot, low-crowned and bearing Mercury, wings, is being worn simultaneously and causing no enmity among the Princesse Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge, the Princesse de Caraman-Chimay and the Comtesse de Neufborg. Be sure to preserve any odd little feathers that seep out of your pillows, and by all means do not throw away any old ostriches or parrots you may have running around the house.

Madame Lelong, née Princesse Paley, is wearing a hat named after her by Maria Guy. This is black straw with a navy brim that looks as though it were too small for the head, but is terribly chic. The Comtesse Elie de Ganay and Madame Marthe Letellier are wearing Reboux' straw turbans with a completely rolled brim. Madame Letellier is also wearing an importantly bandaged finger, source unknown, but waving delightedly at the paintings at the Boldini show and also at her own portrait at the Jacques-Emile Blanche exhibition.

A pageant on the five-hundredth anniversary of the death of Joan of Arc was part of the Rouen commemoration. Above is Mlle. Egisele Brabant as the Maid, in the procession passing through the town

THE gorgeous mornings are bringing out all the young people to the Avenue des Acacias in the Bois, where from half-past twelve until half-past one the air is sweet with acacia and chestnut blooms, petrol fumes, Klaxons, and grinding gears. Four lines deep, they suddenly fly or crawl down the avenue as far as the Tir Aux Pigeons, and up again. It is the

(Continued on page 528)

Is ENGLISH LAWN TENNIS Now Top Notch?

The Paris Lawn Tennis Championships have proved that our players are on the up grade. We won the ladies' doubles and provided both the finalist pairs in the mixed, a notable achievement not previously accomplished. Despite our improvement, however, Miss Cilly Aussem, the German Champion, seen above, who won in Paris, is first favourite for the Women's Singles at Wimbledon

Right. A group of the younger generation. From L. to R.: Miss Dorothy Round, Signorina Lucia Valeria (Champion of Italy), Miss Effie Hemmant, and Miss Mary Heeley

So far as the men are concerned, English players have most to fear from American and French competitors. Above are Jean Borotra and Christian Boussus, who were the singles finalists in Paris

The men on whom our hopes are fixed: C. H. Kingsley, H. W. Austin, F. J. Perry and G. P. Hughes, the Davis Cup Team. All four have lately shown form which has done much to increase the prestige of English Lawn Tennis—for too long under a cloud

Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall (Eileen Bennett), winner with Miss Betty Nuthall of the Women's Doubles Championship in Paris

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 526)

Mlle Cécile Sorel, of the Odéon Theatre, Paris says our Milan correspondent, when interviewing her, looked charming in a tartan skirt with a beige pullover and a leopard scarf and belt. "I am coming to London to play 'Sapho,' and am curious to see if this play will appeal to English audiences, who are wonderful" Strange as it may appear, she does not like London Sundays!

custom for four or five South American boys to crowd into a two-passenger car, smile brazenly, and give Spanish compliments (I think they are compliments) to any girls who may be driving unaccompanied by a man. But nobody cares. It is part of the custom: let us be chic, if they must have cheek.

S

THE youngest of the Malivani boys, Prince Alexis, is the latest to be married, and the first to be married, let us say, suitably. His bride, formerly Louise Van Alen, of Newport, is several years his junior. Her two brothers, Sam and Jim Van Alen, were at Cambridge, and one of them, I think Jim, got his lawn-tennis blue. The couple are living temporarily at the Hôtel Raphael, and were driving the other morning in the Acacias, Alexis at the wheel of a big Rolls.

S

THIS is a very bad season indeed for people who want to be noticed and talked about; the competition is too great. Who cared whether or not Texas Guinan was able to land in France or land a contract to sing or whatever it is she does? A much more important contract was signed just before the marriage of the Honourable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes' daughter, Princesse Isabelle de Broglie, to the Comte Olivier de la Moussaye. A reception was given at the Fellowes' house in the Rue Saint James, at Neuilly, to celebrate the signing of the marriage contract, an old French custom. A celebration is probably needed after both families have come together to agree as to what the bride's and what the bridegroom's family will give towards establishing a young household. It is also probably the original source of the phrase, "Sign on the dotted line."

S

BOTH Lillian Gish and Norma Shearer are in town, but nobody speaks of them—perhaps the result of too much Chaplin. Paderewski, José Iturbu, Rudolf Ganz and Ernest Schelling are in Paris, this being a general play-time. The musicians arrived from America on the boat with the Honourable Peter Beatty, who joined his parents, Earl and Countess Beatty, at the Ritz.

S

THE latter (the Beattys, not the Ritz) have just come from Baden-Baden.

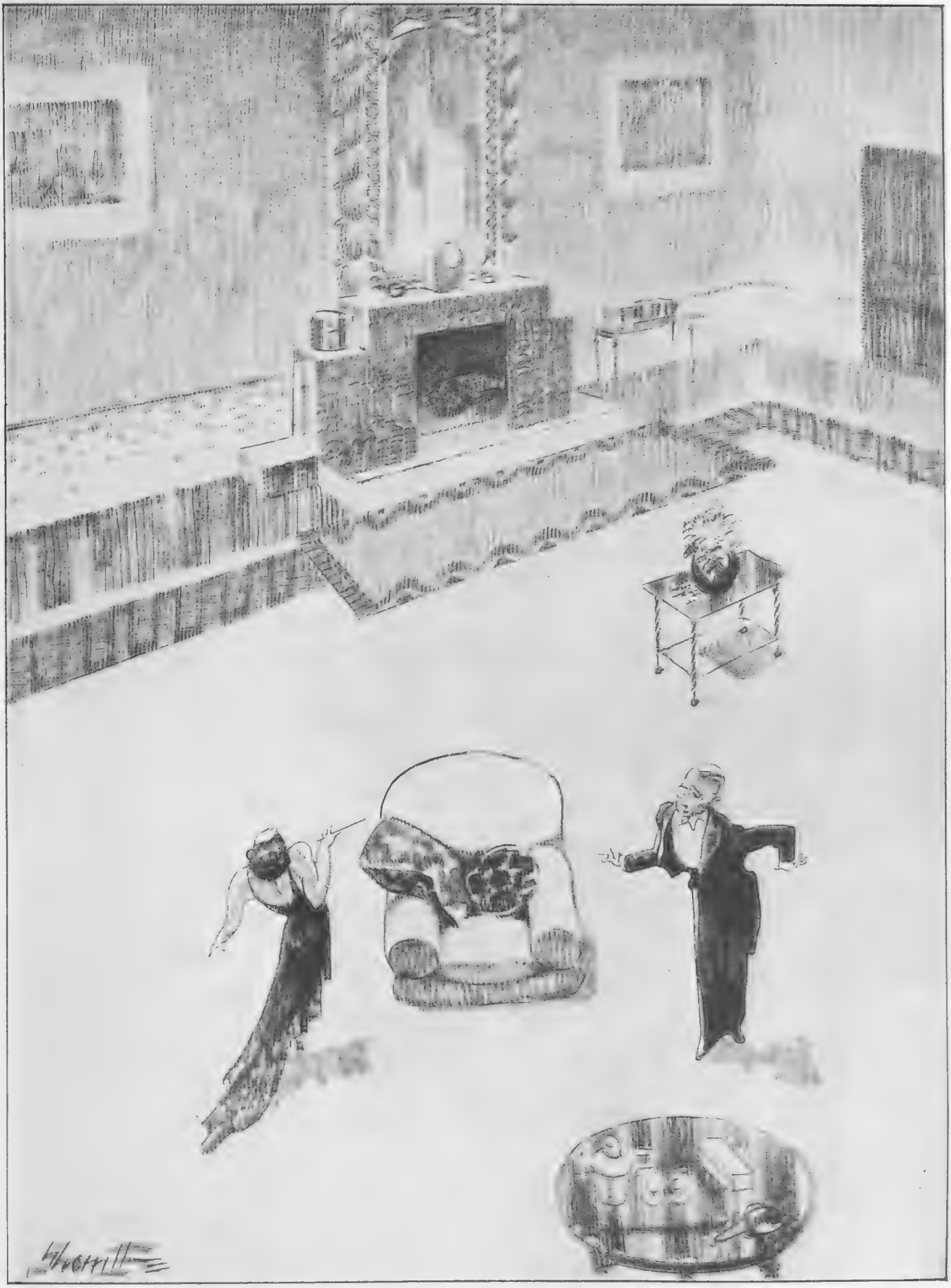
Talking of the place in question, do you remember this one? First American girl: I am going to Baden-Baden. Second A.G.: I heard you the first time.

S

AFTER the return from London of the King of Spain and his eldest daughter, the Infanta Beatriz, the Spanish Royal family will go to Le Touquet on the thirtieth, to remain throughout July. They are to occupy twelve rooms at the Royal Picardie, if you must know. The gradual diminution from thirty rooms at the Meurice and twenty at the Savoy in Fontainebleau is highly approved by a lot of old ladies from fifteen years of age on, who would have mental breakdowns if they concerned themselves with their own affairs. S. L.

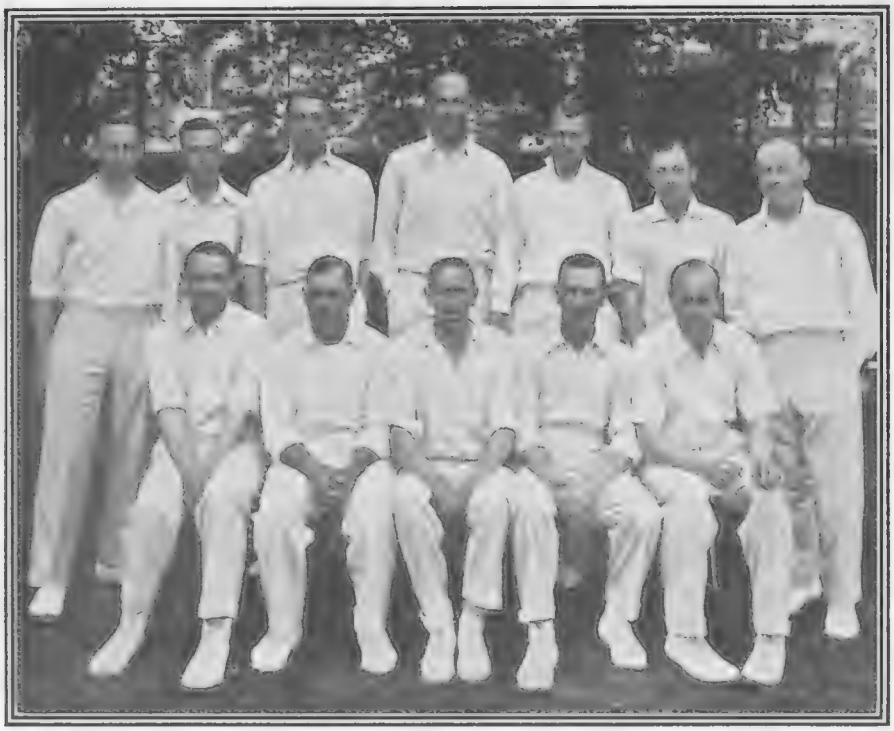
Sasha

Douglas Byng, Mrs Alexander McCorquodale and Edward Cooper as they appeared recently at the Vaudeville Theatre in "At a Victorian Soirée" at the St Cecilia's Charity Matinee. Princess Mary, who was present, was greatly amused by this turn and congratulated the performers. Douglas Byng is now singing at the Monseigneur Restaurant, and Edward Cooper at Hector's



BY SHERRIFFS

The Vamp: "After You!"



Twelve prominent Middlesex cricketers, most of whom represented their county against the New Zealanders last week. Seen above are, standing: R. W. V. Robins (left), Hulme, G. C. Newman, Durston, I. A. R. Peebles, Price and Lee. Seated: G. O. Allen (left), Hendren, Nigel Haig (the captain), Hearne and H. J. Enthoven

RE THIS BRIGHTER CRICKET

BY WILLIAM POLLOCK ("GOOGLY")

STATISTICS are abominable things, but I will wager my chances in the next Irish sweep (to blazes wid it) that this is going to be a record season for sixes in big cricket.

THE other day Frank Woolley "went mad" in a Kent v. Yorkshire match and hit seven sixes in an innings; and Larwood, Voce, Tate, Arthur Gilligan, G. O. Allen and others of the hit-them lot have been landing the ball over the ropes, to the alarm of peaceful ladies and old gentlemen.

AT Brighton recently I saw a poor gentleman of mature years fall off his seat on to the cold ground in his frenzied efforts to avoid a cruel bang into the crowd from Walter Hammond's flashing bat.

IT is all due to this brighter cricket which has come about. Now that there are fifteen points for a win outright, as against only five for a first innings lead, queer things are happening. Even Lancashire, those hitherto exponents of at-all-costs-don't-let-us-lose, are thinking of gingering themselves up. Their president, Sir Edward Stockton, has been reported as saying that Lancashire must change their methods, and that it will be a good thing for the game if the championship goes round. Who is going to get it? For a week or two it looked as if Gloucestershire had ideas about running away with the top place in the table. This was chiefly due to the devastation worked by that rather mournful-looking but overwhelming left-arm bowler of theirs, Charlie Parker.

BUT now it is not so sure-looking. Does their captain, B. H. Lyon, take too many gambles? In his all-out-to-win spirit he sometimes asks a great deal of his team. This cricket is not exactly a Nervo and Knox business.

I LIKE the look of Middlesex, if they can play R. W. V. Robins and Ian Peebles, the two most interesting young bowlers in the country, regularly, and also H. J. Enthoven—who may captain England; but I am not at all sure that Yorkshire will not be top dogs in the end. They are not spectacular—on the contrary, they are inclined to be dullish—but they are a *team*. Herbert Sutcliffe and Percy Holmes are now a better opening pair than Hobbs and Sandham; and this left-handed young Verity is going to be a bowler.

Kent, on the other hand, chop and change their side; and Sussex are not consistent. They do something brilliant one day and something silly the next day, and Duleepsinhji will probably be a better captain next year than he will be this season.

NOTTS might creep up if Harold Larwood keeps on bowling as he has begun. They have lost the nonchalant George Gunn, with his dancing in and out of the popping-crease, and the rock-like Whysall, but they are giving us brighter cricket.

THE New Zealanders do not come into the championship, of course, but they do come in among the really, really bright sides. They are a delight to watch at the wicket: all young and eager and looking for the ball to hit. They could not—except by a fluke—beat our full Test team, but they should give our "experimental" eleven, which will most likely meet them at Lord's this month, a very good game.

WE have not very many better batsmen playing cricket to-day than their C. S. Dempster.

J. E. Mills, who made top score of 34 in the New Zealander's first innings against Middlesex at Lord's. Left with 315 to get to win, the New Zealanders lost by 79 runs

I. Cromb, the New Zealand bowler, fielding at Lord's during Middlesex's second innings. He captured eight Middlesex wickets for seventy during their first knock, but was not so successful in the second innings

BEE JACKSON

The famous dancer, who was the first to introduce the "Black-Bottom" to England, is now appearing at the Piccadilly Hotel, where she is demonstrating the Rhumba, a dance which is now all the rage in America. She recently scored a big success in Italy, where she appeared in "Wonder Bar"

if Gossip we must

NADINE MARCH

Who is appearing at the Duke of York's Theatre in "London Wall," John van Druten's highly successful play dealing with life in a City office. She plays the part of a shorthand typist whose aims are more matrimonial than mercantile

A scene from the famous old musical comedy, "The Geisha," which has followed in the footsteps of "The Belle of New York" at Daly's Theatre. Revived last week, its reception proved conclusively that its music has lost none of its popularity with the passing of the years

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD thinks that civilisation is crumbling. He is not, apparently, perturbed at the fact that unemployment is unprecedented, that taxation is inordinately high, that India is in a proper mess, or even that Socialist candidates are being returned with decreased majorities. What has sent him into a wail of consternation is the Derby Sweep. For a man to take a ticket in a sweep and trust to luck to get him out of a quagmire of financial worry the Prime Minister denounces as "a craze which is a terrible danger to the morale of this country" and "a deplorable reflection on the state of mind of the people."

TERRIBLE, isn't it? Particularly since your out-and-out Socialist has a habit of dinning into your ears that in no possible circumstances can "the Pee-pul" ever be wrong. "Millions of pounds," continues the Jeremiah from Lossiemouth, "have been flung in the pool on the pretext that it will help the hospitals, but it is all simply pandering to the gambling spirit." Yet Mr. MacDonald should know that people who took tickets in that sweep were not worrying about "pretexts" at all. That is a word which we may conveniently leave to the politicians. They took tickets in order to have a chance of winning a lump sum of money, and I cannot, for the life of me, see anything to wail about over that. The hospitals, incidentally, benefited, and so much the better. With the present tendency of predatory legislation, charity must dry up, and it is as well that the hospitals should have other irons in the fire if they are to continue to gather in funds necessary to their support.

AND does the Prime Minister really think that "the gambling spirit"

EARNEST AMATEUR: "No, the little effort I sent to the little late in sending in, so I'm

Texas Guinan and some of her "beautiful kids" at the Hotel Transatlantique at Le Havre, America, which herself places a close ban on foreign performers, is furious at this quid pro quo of the French authorities who refused to let Texas and her troupe appear in Paris

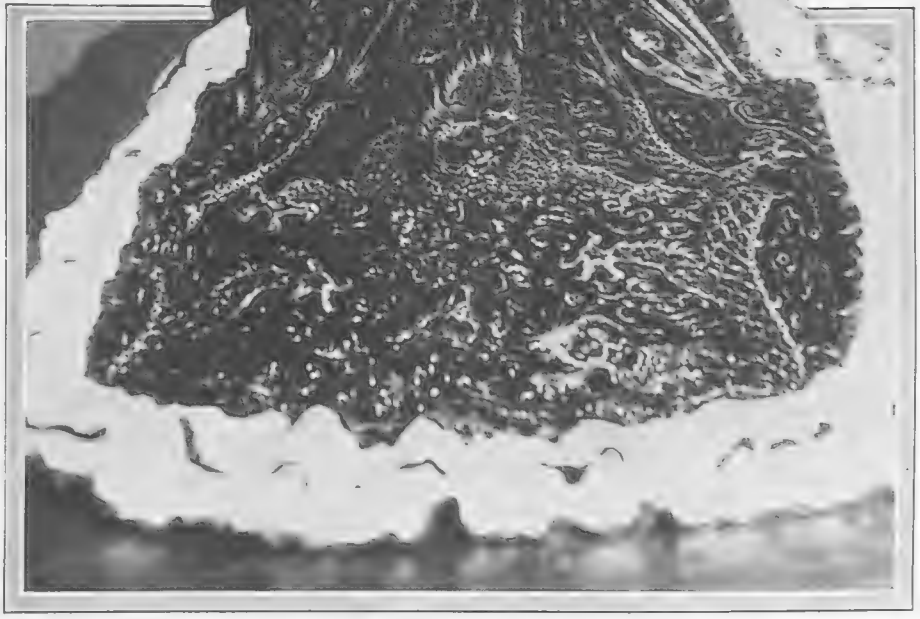
means "the crumbling of civilisation"? If it had, civilisation would have crumbled long ago. But, as Mr. MacDonald is presumably sincere in his theory, he had better set his house in order with all speed and tell the official organ of his party to stop aiding and abetting this civilisation-crumbling. For, immediately beneath his lament over the gambling spirit, I noticed that instructions were printed concerning the *Daily Herald's* Derby contest, and in an adjoining column a *Daily Herald* £5,000 ballot, "with an extra £1,000 for the winner if he or she be a registered reader" of that journal. What are Mr. MacDonald's views about the printing of any racing news at all, and any information about the Derby and its sweeps, and any other sweeps or ballots in the paper which claims that its aim is to "build up a new England"?

ACCORDING to M. Boulestin, the authority on all gastronomic matters, this England of ours, new or old, knows precious little about the art of eating and drinking. I attended his discourse at the Wine Traders' Club the other day, and realised, among other things, what a "bloomer" Thackeray made in his ballad "Burgundy and Bouillabaisse," for the lecturer's chief point was the awful iniquity of drinking red wine with fish. If ever I find myself again essaying that forbidden combination I shall indeed feel that civilisation is crumbling. But I also picked up from M. Boulestin an epigram or two, some wise sayings—"A man who buys good wine is never a drunkard" was one of the best of them—and the tip that Gruyère is a better cheese for eating with wine than Brie. Also, that the sweeter the white wine the colder it should be served.

AS a matter of fact, there is not nearly enough good red wine in London restaurants at a reasonable price. Large sums are

By Ridgewell

Academy this year was not accepted. I'm afraid I was a starting this in good time!"



MARIA NEMETH

The Hungarian star of the Vienna Staatsoper, who made her first professional appearance in this country when she sang in Puccini's "Turandot" at Covent Garden last week. She is seen in one of the striking costumes she wore in this opera

THE LAST DITCHER

"Americans are in a chastened mood and less likely to offer good advice than has sometimes been the case in the past."—Dr. F Keppel.

LET us get our sackcloth out,
Cast on ashes by the ton,
Lest the awful news be true
That the day of Ballyhoo
And trumpeting be done;
For the fault is largely ours.
Look how badly we behave
To heroes like Jack Diamond,
When they cross the "Herring Pond"
Our cheerless shores to brave.

Life would be a dreary thing
Were we nevermore to meet
Hot Gospellers like Amy Mac.
Hard upon the Devil's track
With "Angels" all complete
If the dear old U.S.A.
Seeks to "tell the World" no more,
In accents nasal (but how strong),
Just what we are doing wrong.
Then, shan't we all feel sore!

But all hope is not yet lost
To the bashful U.S.A.
For one citizen remains
Who will go to any pains
To bank upon the bray
Undismayed and undeterred,
Texas Guinan holds the fort,
And if Gawd's country tends to frown
On Whoopee's Queen and turn her down,
Well, then, it didn't ought! B W

Lady Arranways (Frances Doble) engages in conversation with that elderly but indomitable bar-maid of all work, Mrs. Harris (Maisie Gay), in the lounge of the "Coat of Arms." A scene from "The Old Man," Edgar Wallace's latest play, at Wyndham's Theatre

charged for quite second-rate stuff, and in many country hotels they think nothing of charging six or seven shillings for a bottle of, apparently, ink mixed with Condy's Fluid, and labelled "Medoc" or "St. Julien." One reason why champagne is seen on restaurant tables is that the guarantee is on the label.

TALKING of wine, I have received from those mighty men of port (to say nothing of champagne, claret, sherry and other liquids that make glad the heart of man and woman), Messrs. Cockburn and Campbell, a vastly interesting little brochure published to mark the centenary of their existence as a firm. Before they removed in '86 to their present premises in Berkeley Street they were at 151 Piccadilly, where the Ritz Hotel now is. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Lord Cockburn, the Scots judge (whose memoirs the late Lord Rosebery declared should be read annually by every Scot) were of the family, and a William Cockburn was selling wine as long ago as 1582. Mr. Harry Cockburn, the present senior partner, is an epicure and a good sportsman, and wears a monocle and has a pretty wit.

"Now then, sir, no smoking allowed 'ere"
"But I assure you I'm not smoking aloud. I'm doing it quite quietly!"

By Frank Ford

RED wine was drunk in plenty a century ago, for the Cockburns of the day sent 22 dozen of claret to the Prime Minister in one month in 1832; as for sherry, 88 dozen were sent to four customers in two days. Sir Robert Peel, in the same year, ordered 52 dozen of sherry and 6 dozen 1825 claret to be sent to Drayton Manor. Dr. Keate, headmaster of Eton, ordered, round about the same time, a pipe of port, two butts of

old sherry, and a hogshead of port. That ought to have kept his hand in for his famous floggings.

FATHER WOODLOCK is an amiable and brainy man, but over the question of the Pope's attack on Socialism he has been indulging in a bit of a wriggle in an article he has contributed on the subject. He had his work cut out—and, I think, failed at the job—in attempting to make out that while the Pope was attacking Socialists he was not attacking English Socialists. I am convinced that His Holiness was attacking all Socialists, and I am, in this case, sufficiently a believer in papal infallibility to be of the opinion that he was emphatically right in doing so. All Socialists are out for spoliation, they are all destructive, and they are all inspired by class-hatred. In various countries their methods differ. Indeed, in some respects I prefer the open and more energetic tactics of the European variety, for at least they enable one to know exactly where one stands. The more cautious and the paler pink Socialists we have here at home merely make up in hypocrisy what they lack in honesty.

BUT there is one English Socialist with whom, on one particular point, I must agree, though I have not seen eye to eye with him in the past. I must congratulate Mr. W. J. Brown, Socialist member for Wolverhampton, on his views on sweepstakes. "£3,000,000 subscribed to the Irish sweep," writes Mr. Brown, "leads the Prime Minister to conclude that civilisation is crumbling. 3,000,000 unemployed leave his equanimity undisturbed. Herein is the hallmark of Pecksniffian humbug and political dishonesty. Am all in favour of sweepstakes for British hospitals." And if that plunges Mr. Ramsay MacDonald into a Brown study, so much the better.

Dorothy Wilding

BETTY STOCKFIELD

Who is playing in Archie de Bear's new production, "At the Sign of the Seven Dials," at the Cambridge Theatre. This entertainment is largely indigenous to the locality in which it takes place

MARGARET RAWLINGS

As she appears in the name part in Oscar Wilde's "Salome" in the little Gate Theatre, situated in the vaults beneath Charing Cross Station. Although this play of Oscar Wilde's pointed a moral, he adorned the tale with so much sensuality that it will forever remain in the band of the banned so far as the general public is concerned

The Red Indian Princess, Wah-oo-ah, who is singing in "Hiawatha" at the Albert Hall. She remains faithful to her native costume, and attracts no little attention when she takes her walks abroad

Fashion Favours the Fair

By Blanche B. Elliott

Frequently in these pages I have stressed the importance of being first with the fashion news. It is just as important as being first with any other kind of news. It is also fatally easy to go on a wrong scent. The thing to do, therefore, is to cultivate a dress sense which gives you the kind of intuition which can pick out the winners amongst the also-rans in the new modes. Fashion is really pure feminine psychology. That is why the understanding Frenchman is so successful in launching new styles. The average Englishman knows more of, and takes much more interest in, the head of his golf club than a woman or her psychology. She has her place in the scheme of things which go to make up his comfort, but he really hopes she isn't going to wear any of those fantastic French affairs he sees about. Not *his* wife, at any rate!

That, of course, is the first stumbling block to dress novelties, and one *must* have an approving atmosphere. Coupled to this is that dreadful complex which besets most Englishwomen that they have to see someone *else* wear a thing first. They apparently haven't either enough courage or confidence in themselves or their milliner and dressmaker to launch a new style. On this point I am assured by despairing English dressmakers, who feel convinced they could do as well as Paris if their clients would cultivate real elegance and a clothes sense which would allow them to wear things when they had just come in and be the first to do so. I know the husband excuse to be a legitimate one, but I fear far more that the other is an inherent national characteristic against which it is vain to inveigh.

Where Paris scores so heavily is that such complete reliance is put on the name of the firm which creates style that it *must* be right. That gives the necessary confidence that a woman's own taste and instinct cannot evidently supply. Also, isn't there still a lurking suspicion in England that it isn't quite *nice* to be smartly dressed? Well, well, I will continue to prod and supply the newest of news to the prodded.

At the moment we are busy wearing the clothes (when the weather will let us) that we have all been looking at and talking about so much. The height of the summer brings in gay little frocks for day wear and the more elaborate ones for evening. Beach ensembles continue to be original and amusing, and it is well to choose early for holiday wear. Now that the beach pyjamas have established themselves the restless ones are already looking for something newer. Worth showed some little wrap frocks and coats which were just snapped on and off the bathing suit beneath, looking like charming little morning dresses for the plage. This is an alternative to the woman who does not fancy herself in a pyjama.

Tricot is always undergoing some change of stitch, from the loose, open Shetland or crochet to the close, home-knitted effect for the bathing dress, frock, pull-over or blouse jumper. Hand knitting is used to obtain the exclusiveness upon which the smart woman insists. Very engag-

Foulard printed in coin dots of black and rose forms this charming three-piece suit which breathes of summer breezes *Model Philippe et Gaston*

ing are the silk tricot day pyjamas made with slim-fitting hips to hang in wide, heavy folds round the feet. Worn with little sleeveless blouses and short jackets fitted into the waist and flared, they bring a new atmosphere of modernity to woman's dress. Incidentally, the same house makes very similar garments for men to wear with short, rather waisted smoking suits. Exotic, very, but being taken up quite a good deal, I can assure you.

WE are clearly heading towards a new fashion silhouette—something on the above lines. These pages were the first to predict the coming of the pyjama and trouser cult. This is slowly creeping in amongst us like a rising tide, and the modern spirited feel they just *must* have a pyjama dinner frock to be in the swim. The little jackets add decorum, and the skirts are cut with subtlety and are not too obvious, in spite of some terrible illustrations I have seen of the said garments. The divided tennis skirt is already worn in the South of France, and I have often mentioned its coming . . . but where, oh where are the golfers? I am waiting for the joy-giving moment when it will be seen on some fashionable green adorning some leading woman golfer!

Two charming examples of cotton's return to favour interpreted by Lelong in white washing frocks of extreme and youthful simplicity *Model Lelong*

ALREADY the hats are leading a new movement. Having at long last learnt to wear them at the back of the head with the correct air and a sense of balance, they are showing a pronounced tendency to be worn with a point down on one side of the forehead while the sides float away upwards. Talbot is always worth watching, and her little bowler did much to influence things. Besides, there are the curls to be made room for at the back of the head, and this does away with the fitted cap idea we have had ad nauseam.

EVERY woman, too, is wearing a feather in her cap (with or without reason). Straight little bits of things, sometimes with uncurled strands coming from back to front. Hair à la Anita Loos is worn by those who can stand it, that is, brushed forward to lie flat on the forehead in pointed strands. Agnès has a mannequin who wears it like this and is directly responsible. Then there is the fly-away brim of Louise Bourbon, which turns up sharply on one side and coal-scuttles on the other. No, hats are going to be difficult and temperamental, and now we have all worn lines of anxiety on our brows by the effort to keep something on the back of our heads we have got to learn to do something over one ear. The tendency to dip in front over the forehead is also growing.

ANGORA and straw are a delightful combination which not only weave the most lovely of soft and becoming hats, but form little buttonhole flowers with belts to match. Strands of dead white beads are worn in Paris to lighten the dark frock, while large black, shiny wooden beads are worn with light frocks. We are still slim as lathes, and the newest and most beautifying way is to be sealed in wax so that the perspiration pours off you, so does the flesh from any part you may prefer to be slimmer.

THE TREASURES OF HAM HOUSE

Stuart

The Cabal Room in historical old Ham House, Richmond, in the grounds of which a Garden Fête and Masque take place to-day in aid of charity. It was in this room that Charles II's Cabal Cabinet used to meet, and nothing has been changed or altered in the Staterooms since those days

Bassano

THE EARL OF DYSART

Who has kindly lent the grounds of Ham House for the Fête Conducted tours of the historic mansion will take place during the day

TO-DAY (Wednesday) a Garden Fête and Masque in aid of the Royal Richmond Hospital will take place in the grounds of Ham House, kindly lent by the Earl of Dysart. Ham House, which has been in possession of the Earls of Dysart since 1643, is steeped in history, and many of its fine rooms remain exactly as they were in the days when the Cabal Cabinet used to meet there in the middle of the seventeenth century.

AN afternoon and evening performance of an Interlude, written by Frank Hird, depicting the visit of Charles II and Queen Catherine of Braganza to Ham House, will be a feature of the fête, which will include an exhibition lawn tennis match between Dr. P. D. B. Spence and Miss Betty Nuthall and Mr. H. W. Austin and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, and many interesting side-shows. Conducted tours of Ham House will also take place, and it is hoped that the Royal Richmond Hospital Extension Fund will benefit greatly by the fête.

Pearl Freeman

THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

Who will open the Garden Fête in the grounds of Ham House to-day (Wednesday). It is in aid of the Royal Richmond Hospital

"DRAKE'S DRUM"
After the painting by A. D. McCormick, R.I.

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore.
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low."

Player's Please

50 for 2/6
100 for 4/10

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

MISS ZEIZLER

By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Illustrated by
W. DE GROOT

SOME little time ago Miss Bebe Zeizler, a vivacious ash-blonde with large blue eyes, heart-shaped carmine lips, and an infectious, if metallic laugh, appeared at a Chicago night court on a charge of shooting a gentleman friend in a speakeasy. She gave the magistrate a dazzling smile.

"My friend Mr. Goosis," she explained, chewing busily, "got it into his bean about two-thirty that I was an eight-day clock, and kept oiling me and winding me up, so, of course, I shot him."

The magistrate was inclined to be unsympathetic.

"You shot him?"

"Sure," said Miss Zeizler, opening her large blue eyes; "what else would I do?"

"How many times?"

"Gee! I don't know," said Miss Zeizler, wearily. "How would I know? I'm not a cash register. This bozo kept saying to me, 'Hey, why don't you strike?' and prodding me with a fork, so, of course, I shot him."

"'Listen, Judge,' she said stridently, 'does this mean I can't shoot up no more gentlemen any more?'"

"Where's your licence?" said the magistrate, yawning.

A policeman handed up Miss Zeizler's gun licence. The magistrate scanned it, turned it over, and wrote something on it.

"Endorsed," he said, handing it back. "Next case."

Miss Zeizler stopped chewing.

"Listen, Judge," she said stridently, "does this mean I can't shoot up no more gentlemen any more?"

"Not for six months," said the magistrate. "Licence endorsed. Next."

"Yeah," said Miss Zeizler, nodding bitterly, "that's fine. That gives me one big laugh. That's what a girl gets for being called an eight-day clock. Well, hell with it!" said Miss Zeizler angrily. "That's all I got to say, hell with it! Hell with 'em all! See?"

"Next," said the magistrate, yawning.

A CROWD of friends and sympathisers greeted Miss Zeizler as she emerged from the court, and were loud in protest. A large upholstered blonde named Mrs. Hattie Van Boop gave it as her considered opinion that the magistrate was a slob.

"Just a slob," said Mrs. Van Boop, indignantly. "That's what that bimbo is. One big slob. You don't have to worry about *him*, Bebe. He's a slob. A person doesn't want to get sore about a slob like that, see? Just one big, ugly, cockeyed slob," said Mrs. Van Boop, summing up, "that's what that bozo is, believe me."

"Aw, can the harmony," said Miss Zeizler, irritably. She was hurt and humiliated, for she had the reputation among her friends of being a "good sport" and a first-class shot. Next day she left for New York, and on returning to Chicago one evening seven months later was warmly greeted by her friends in Old Uncle Joe's speakeasy.

"It's just swell," said a gentleman named Calvin H. Blitzmacher, Jnr., "it's just swell to see you round again, kid." So saying, Mr. Blitzmacher with a merry laugh leaned unsteadily over Miss Zeizler and poured a quantity of hot clam soup down her back. Miss Zeizler groped contemplatively in her handbag, took out a powder-puff, a lipstick, an eyebrow pencil, three orange sticks, some nail polish, and an automatic, replaced the toilet articles carefully, and shot Mr. Blitzmacher in the neck. To her surprise there was not the usual outburst of hearty laughter. As the remains of Mr. Blitzmacher were being hastily removed by Old Uncle Joe and his satellites she looked round at the glum, disapproving faces round her in puzzlement.

"Say, what's biting you?" asked Miss Zeizler, sharply, powdering her nose.

A Mr. Ed. Goldblatt, coughing rather nervously, explained, at some length, that during her absence Chicago had been cleaned up and that it was no longer correct to use guns in the old-fashioned manner. Miss Zeizler, with lipstick in hand,

(Continued on page 544)

BY BLAMPIED

SIR KENNETH AND LADY PLITHWICK

They call them the "Pneumatic Drills" to-day,
For none can "bore" us half as much as they

"FLOTSAM AND

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

AND JETSAM"

MISS ZEIZLER (continued from page 540)

"'Aw, can the harmony,' said Miss Zeizler, irritably"

gazed at him in contemptuous silence.

"Yeah?" she said icily at length.

A red-faced plain-clothes policeman, named Al, sitting at the next table with a cheery party, assured her that this was accurate, and a lady next to him confirmed it.

"AND oh! friends," said this lady, "isn't it better to get a real big clean angle on life than go round bumping folks off? Isn't it, friends? Oh, believe, me, friends," said the lady, who had prominent teeth, waving her glass and getting on the table, "it isn't socking folks on the nose that counts, it's getting wise to the real big things in life. You got to give Service, friends. You got—*Ouch!*"

As one of her party brought an approving hand down rather heavily on her head the lady with the teeth subsided to the floor and began to hum in a faded soprano. Miss Zeizler glowered at her. An hour later she went home to her apartment, still a little dazed, and went to bed. Before the week was out she was beginning to grasp the position. Everything had changed. When gentlemen of rival gangs were "put on the spot" and "taken for a ride" their captors now picked them bunches of wild flowers and begged them to write verses in their albums. One day Miss Zeizler saw her friend, the great Al Capone, drive past, not at high speed in his heavily armoured car, but in an open barouche drawn by two aged white ponies and covered with flowers, releasing flocks of doves and balloons at every corner. A prominent gunman called on a bitter enemy of his, read Emerson to him as he lay in bed, and insisted on his wearing a daisy-chain he had made. By the Mayor's orders every policeman in Chicago wore white robes and a wreath of white roses and personated one of the virtues, Justice, Temperance, Modesty, Prudence, Chastity, Civic Co-operation, and what not. Miss Zeizler, drawing her gun, by force of habit, in Old Uncle Joe's one night, was begged by a very stout policeman representing the Spirit of Dickens to put it away.

"Think of the grand little old message of the celebrated author, George B. Dickens," urged the policeman, wiping his moustache. "What does that say to you, sister?"

"'It isn't socking folks on the nose that counts, its getting wise to the real big things in life'"

At Miss Zeizler's reply the policeman fainted. Next day the Mayor himself sent for her. The Mayor was brisk and breezy.

"Hey, kid," he said, "what's your ideals?"

Miss Zeizler briefly told him what she thought of the new administration. The Mayor stroked his chin in silence. He was a kind-hearted man and hated hurting anybody's feelings. Moreover, he liked old customs.

"You get no kick out of this new racket?" he asked musingly.

"Hell with it!" answered Miss Zeizler.

"Listen," said the Mayor after a thoughtful interval, "Who do you *want* to bump off, anyway?"

"'Most anybody that gets my goat," said Miss Zeizler pensively.

"Make it just one every six months, sister," said the Mayor persuasively, drawing his note-block towards him, "and that's okay with me. Otherwise, parts."

"Okay, big boy," said Miss Zeizler after a pause. She was a girl of sense. Within a week she received a special licence from the Mayor, who had assembled the Municipal Publicity Committee and had pointed out that tourists visiting Chicago want something for their money. So to-day Miss Bebe Zeizler is practically a corporation official. Once every six months she shoots up some gentleman friend or other, is taken before the magistrate, has her licence duly rubber stamped, and returns to her admirers.

LAST March she shot the Mayor himself, quite by accident. Her regrets were sincere and characteristic.

"Gee," said Miss Zeizler to a Press representative, "I'm real sorry. I just can't say how sorry I am. I'm just *terribly* sorry."

A week later a literary deputation from New York arrived and persuaded her, with very good financial arguments, to meet occasional liners from Europe carrying English novelists bent on lecture-tours. By her agreement Miss Zeizler will meet these boats once every six months as from January next. One can't help wondering if Mr. Hugh Walpole knows. D. B. W. L.

"WHAT kind of business do you think women are fitted for?"

"Almost any kind except minding their own."

"YOUR office is as hot as an oven.'

"Of course. This is where I cook my accounts."

THE RETURN OF EROS

Eros returns shortly to Piccadilly Circus after a long absence, but the figures which Victor Hicks typifies in low relief here never deserted the "Hub of the Universe"

MORE MILEAGE WITH GREATER COMFORT

In every Firestone Heavy Duty Balloon there's the added life and verve of extra cushion rubber; extra air capacity; extra gum-dipped plies. Use it how you like; you'll find *more* mileage and smoother mileage than you'd ever thought possible. See the gold stripe on the sidewall.

Made in England on the Great West Road near London

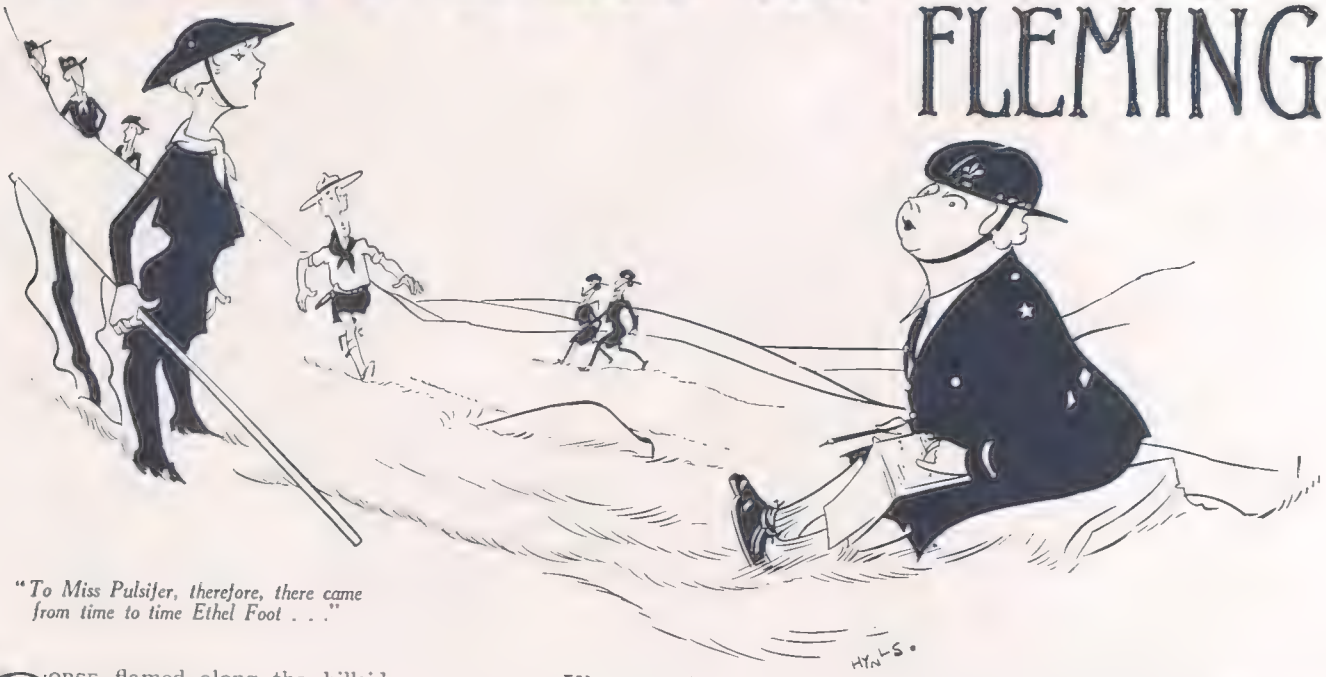
Firestone

"MOST MILES PER SHILLING"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

PASTORAL

by PETER FLEMING



"To Miss Pulsifer, therefore, there came from time to time Ethel Foot . . ."

Illustrated by HYNES

GORSE flamed along the hillside under a blue sky.

"Our eyes were met," wrote Miss Pulsifer's pencil; then paused, and hovered doubtfully. "By a riot of colour?" Miss Pulsifer wondered, "or by a *feast* of colour?"

Here indecision was pardonable. In the 35 years of her life there had been no riots, no feasts, and very little colour. Probably her nearest approach to a composite experience of all three had been a jumble sale.

At the moment she was sitting on a rock (*The Times* prudently intervening); she herself would have told you that she was basking in the sunshine, but both her clothes and her physique were patently ill-suited to so languorous an occupation. Miss Pulsifer's figure bordered on the amorphous, not because she was very fat, but because she was one of those women who are scarcely ever noticeable as having any shape at all, and certainly never the right one. To her frame—disposed as it was in a squatting position—the subfusc panoply of a Captain of Girl Guides lent that rather terrifying air of monstrosity which sometimes invests the masterpieces of provincial taxidermists; she looked as if she had been stuffed, and with more enthusiasm than skill. For the rest, she had hair the colour of damp hay, bad legs, and a jolly smile.

On Miss Pulsifer's rather more than adequate knees there rested an exercise book, promoted above its fellows to be the log book of Miss Pulsifer's patrol—the Dandelions. In this it was her custom to record, with a fervour nicely tempered by efficiency, the pastoral humours and genteel vicissitudes of their weekly expedition. She was at it now. "Our eyes were met": the rencontre should not go unchronicled.

The Dandelions themselves, to the number of eight, were scattered in gawkish repose about a chalk-pit which yawned dazzlingly at Miss Pulsifer's feet. Prone for the most part, they were devoting a stertorous half-hour to the digestion of a lunch cooked and consumed with an abandon which all appeared to be regretting. In the middle of the pit a thin, reflective column of smoke rose, wavered, and vanished above the ashes of a fire; a black frying-pan, capsized on the turf, suggested surfeit.

But Miss Pulsifer had passed enough examinations in Woodcraft to know when to stop eating fried bread; moreover, she had spent most of the quite incommensurate time devoted to the midday meal in ministering to Celia Washer, who, poor girl, claimed to have seen an adder and had been sick on the strength of it. Feeling in consequence reasonably alert, Miss Pulsifer was combining accuracy with imagery in her description of this, the Dandelions' eighteenth visit to the far side of the hill overlooking St. Saxifrage's School for Girls. Nor was this her only occupation. On the hillside, twenty yards above her, a blue and white flag wagged intermittently but furiously, eliciting from the other side of the valley, half a mile away, sympathetically spasmodic reply. The fact of the matter was that the Dandelions were in communication with the Rattlesnakes, under Scoutmaster G. Tape, nature-lover and gentleman, who taught mathematics and swimming in the preparatory school at Margin Lacey.

To Miss Pulsifer, therefore, there came from time to time Ethel Foot, who, though not primarily responsible for wagging the flag, took down the messages received by Patricia Tukesbury, who was. These messages, brief and—it must be admitted—rather uninteresting bulletins of the Rattlesnakes' activities, Miss Pulsifer would transmit, in clarion tones, to the comatose patrol, afterwards issuing polite, veracious replies which were carried by Miss Foot to Miss Tukesbury. Miss Tukesbury, muscular and expert, translated them into Morse and flapped them across the valley.

Thus:

"Another message from the Scouts, girls!" Miss Pulsifer would cry. "We hope you have had good lunch." A desolate giggle from the chalk-pit. "Ethel, tell Patricia to signal back 'Delicious!' Just 'Delicious'; one word is quite sufficient."

SOMETIMES the messages would come through in a slightly garbled form. For instance, "T. Clarke has caught a little mule" could hardly be taken literally by anyone familiar with the fauna of Dorsetshire. Almost certainly it was a little *mole* which T. Clarke had been adroit enough to capture, and Miss Pulsifer had no scruples in publishing a version of the message thus amended.

Again, "Mr. Tape is going to take us for a nature rumble after lunch" was meaningless, or practically so; a nature *ramble* was obviously meant.

The golden afternoon passed pleasantly enough. True, there was an unfortunate incident when Miss Pulsifer caught Susan Fly reading a book which, though cleverly enveloped

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in the dust-wrapper of "The Silk-Worm in Health and Sickness" proved on inspection to be a rather unhealthy novel about the peerage by a Mr. Arlen. Also, Lætitia Farge most cruelly put a small toad in her killing bottle, and Miss Pulsifer and one or two of the less sensitive girls had a terrible time getting it out with a teaspoon.

But on the whole it was a successful afternoon. They washed up, and practised their knots, and found some stinkwort and a potential fossil, and heard a woodpecker, and told the time by the sun, and found the North with the help of their watches, and generally had an enjoyable and primitive time.

The flag-wagging continued. The Boy Scouts on the hill opposite went on sending messages with a gallantry only equalled by their redundancy, and all the girls who knew Morse took turns with the flag, because it was such good practice. Even Susan Fly (of whom Miss Pulsifer used to say, with an unwonted approach to paradox, "She is physically attractive, but has no esprit de corps")—even Susan Fly displayed a most uncharacteristic zeal, flapping indefatigably long after her fellow Dandelions had retired, greatly disturbed by Ethel Foot's theory that too much signalling was bad for your tennis.

One would hesitate to say that Miss Pulsifer had a suspicious mind; but contact over a period of years with the young of either sex develops in the most benign adult a latent flair, an almost instinctive awareness of malpractice. Without consciously realising it, Miss Pulsifer began to be pretty certain that someone was breaking a rule. To be sure, there was nothing in the scope of her comprehensive bird's-eye view of her charges to substantiate that vague impression. Two of them were striving to inculcate in Betty Tumbril-Gobbe the principles involved in tying a running bowline. Gloria Ponsonby—a sweet girl, but always inclined to be sentimental—was burying the toad, which, since its violent rescue from lethal durance in Lætitia's killing-bottle, had failed to emerge from what (it was hoped) amounted to no more than a state of suspended animation, and was now quite definitely and most unattractively dead. The rest were listening to Ethel Foot reading Longfellow in subdued tones and with an almost obsequious regard for the scansion. Behind Miss Pulsifer Susan Fly wrestled audibly with the Morse code, a yard of bunting, and a light south-westerly breeze.

Suspicion, in short, seemed wholly out of place, and Miss Pulsifer decided to ignore her twinge of uneasiness. Audaciously premature, she completed her entry in the Dandelions' log by writing "The patrol returned to St. Saxifrage's in time for supper."

A lark, quivering in the sky, gave insolently facile expression to his raptures. The curved green bracken made complaisant, ineffectual movements at the wind's touch. The gorse lorded it up and down the valley in lovely yellow savagery.

Seeing this, Miss Pulsifer's responsive soul was moved. "A most enjoyable time," she wrote, "was had by all." And to her credit be it said that for the first time she doubted, if only for a moment, the adequacy of this hallowed envoy. But the Girl Guide Movement is little concerned with the incidental ecstasies of seasons, and Miss Pulsifer closed the exercise book.

The opposite side of the valley was still being stimulated to a staccato responsiveness by Susan Fly. The restless flag half a mile away jerked itself into Miss Pulsifer's attention; largely from force of habit, she began to translate its importunate dashes and dots. The Rattlesnakes' signaller, a labouring mannikin in a patch of green, plied his flag with a wonderfully sustained enthusiasm; then stopped. Miss Pulsifer gasped, never one to doubt the evidence of her senses, she faced the startling realisation that an unknown Boy Scout was bandying endearments with a member of her patrol. The message had been "Darling Susan."

Behind her, the Dandelions' flag flapped with what was now all too clearly a wanton and unseemly vigour. Prostituting Mr. Morse's life-work, and compromising the honour of St. Saxifrage's, the iniquitous Miss Fly was transmitting a message which, her Captain knew, was unlikely to convey a rebuff. Hunched and breathless, Miss Pulsifer waited for the reply to confirm her worst fears.

It did. "Meet me," it began; but the time and place of the rendezvous never reached Miss Fly. She was summoned, in a voice low but ominously vibrant, before her Captain, where she stood, looking a little too radiant.

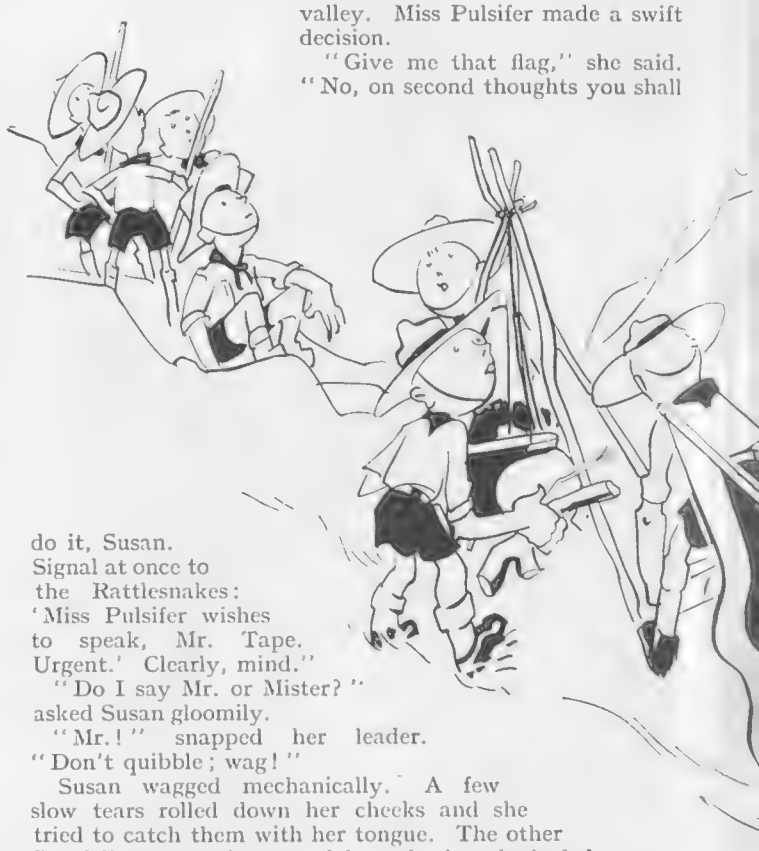
"Susan," throbbed Miss Pulsifer, "what is the meaning of this?" She had a preference for formulæ, where formulæ were available.

"I don't know," said Susan, weakly but with some truth: then she began to look frightened and rather wild. "Please, it wasn't anything."

But Miss Pulsifer knew all too well that, as far as St. Saxifrage's was concerned, it was quite definitely something; she knew also that, for the moment, there was nothing to be gained by cross-examination in a case where guilt was flagrant and tears imminent. The crisis called for action on another front.

Most opportunely, the sky-line above the Rattlesnakes' headquarters was seen to be sprouting silhouettes—a gap-toothed procession of small, drooping figures. The nature ramble was nearing home, and at its head strode Mr. Tape, the representative of Law and Order on the other side of the valley. Miss Pulsifer made a swift decision.

"Give me that flag," she said. "No, on second thoughts you shall do it, Susan. Signal at once to the Rattlesnakes: 'Miss Pulsifer wishes to speak, Mr. Tape. Urgent.' Clearly, mind."



"Do I say Mr. or Mister?" asked Susan gloomily.

"Mr.!" snapped her leader. "Don't quibble; wag!"

Susan wagged mechanically. A few slow tears rolled down her cheeks and she tried to catch them with her tongue. The other Dandelions, scenting scandal, nudged and giggled in a fever of speculation and innuendo.

The other side of the valley acknowledged the message, two small figures carrying its purport uphill to meet their Scoutmaster. Mr. Tape was not slow to act. Indeed, he never was, being one of those people whose actions are all so many anxious, almost petulant, abnegations of inactivity. He hopped, thinking to stride; essaying rhetoric, he twittered. He was born to an insignificance which he never gave himself time to recognise.

The seriousness of the present crisis he had no reason to suspect; yet it was typical of the man that tidings of fire, murder or rape could not have brought him down that hill with a more strenuous velocity than did Miss Pulsifer's non-committal message. It is with men like Mr. Tape in their minds that the French have coined that vivid idiom of human speed, "les talons aux épaules." A boulder, precursor to an avalanche, could hardly have shown a more selfless or a more spectacular submission to the laws of gravity.

Miss Pulsifer herself displayed scarcely less alacrity, though she could hardly hope to make such good time. Her progress downhill borrowed of its urgency a dignity which would otherwise have been lacking. Her boots, which were of the type

known as "sensible," spurned with assurance the green, but not very sensible, grass, and if her gait was that of a headstrong camel on an escalator, her feelings were those of a tigress going to the defence of its young. "It is what one feels that matters," Miss Pulsifer used to say.

At the bottom of the valley ran a small but beautiful stream, called by the natives "Cowdung Brook," and known at St. Saxifrage's as "The Brook." Catapulting himself across this like a badly frightened frog, Mr. Tape found himself before Miss Pulsifer. He brought his hand with relish to the salute.

"Tape," he announced, "of the Rattlesnakes."

Miss Pulsifer returned his salute, also with enjoyment, though she could not, like him, make the gesture seem part of her, a mechanical and characteristic flourish. She would have liked, too, to have said "Pulsifer of the Dandelions"—a formula and beautifully official. But most of us find these things a little difficult at first (like our surnames, which become suddenly ridiculous when we are sent to school); besides, it sounded rather theatrical. Like "Diana of the Crossways."

"I am Miss Pulsifer," she compromised by saying. "One of your boys—one of your Boy Scouts—has been signalling to — er — a certain Girl Guide messages which—well, unauthorised messages." It really was rather difficult to express this.

"Carrying its purport uphill to meet their Scoutmaster"

"O-o-oh . . ." said Mr. Tape; "I see." An embarrassing pause, to which he nobly put an end by suggesting, "Ah . . . Improper messages?" Immediately he had said this he averted his eyes and stared portentously at a piece of bracken.

"Well . . ." said Miss Pulsifer, and paused, while her features went through the process once known as "suffusing"; "well, yes. Improper messages." She felt enormously relieved at having surmounted an unforeseen obstacle in the path of Retribution. A look of pained but understanding solemnity came into her eyes, which she fixed on a gorse bush to the left of Mr. Tape.

"Improper?" murmured the latter in a low, reverent voice.

"Improper," Miss Pulsifer sepulchrally confirmed.

THERE ensued another pause. On both these people had descended the stimulating consciousness that they were dealing with something One Doesn't Usually Talk About; and particularly on Mr. Tape, who had, if not a Nasty, at any rate a definitely Servants' Hall Mind. When he spoke again he was hard put to it to prevent a note of smug relish tainting the shocked resolution of his tones.

"In—er—what way," he asked, "were the messages improper?"

Miss Pulsifer hesitated. "The two I was able to intercept," she said, "contained a term of endearment which girls of that age are accustomed to hear only from their nearest and dearest."

"Was that all?" asked Mr. Tape; his voice sounded genuinely gloomy.

"No," moaned Miss Pulsifer, bearing (as it seemed) the whole burden of Original Sin on her indomitable back; "no. There was what appeared to be an assignation."

"Oh! An assignation . . ." echoed Mr. Tape, in a voice so pregnant with meaning that it was easy to see why he habitually read the *News of the World*. "That's bad," he said, and added hollowly, "very bad," at the same time shaking his head, so that you would have sworn he was acting in a play.

"It is, indeed," said Miss Pulsifer.

HAVING thus forthrightly laid bare the facts of the case they faced the necessity for action. Mr. Tape, on whom the strain of immobility was now no longer offset by the itch of curiosity, began to throw his weight uneasily from one leg to the other, like a man with indigestion. ("Such a vital person!" thought Miss Pulsifer irrelevantly, unaware that what she meant was lively.)

Mr. Tape saluted again.

"I will look into this," he said, "and report."

For a moment longer they stood face to face—she in her untidy and platitudinous solidity; he puny, unattractive, and (like a minnow in a jar) quivering with profitless energy. What they saw in each other—or what they managed not to see—there are no means of telling. The fact remains that—possibly because spring was so very much in the air, probably because they were both lonely human beings, and immediately because the matter in hand had fluttered what Johnson called their "amorous propensities"—Miss Pulsifer and Mr. Tape fell in love with each other.

"The offender shall be severely dealt with," cried Mr. Tape incongruously, but in ringing tones. Turning he scampered off, more precipitantly than ever, towards his headquarters.

Miss Pulsifer, a little dazed, saluted his back, or the occasion.

UNDER the menacing shadow of scandal they went to work with portentous secrecy on the business of investigation and reprisal. This entailed the exchange of a series of notes, so discreetly worded as to be practically meaningless, and "established" (as Miss Pulsifer confided to her diary) "a bond."

The abandoned Miss Fly persisted in behaving like a martyr, and faced the lions (represented by those inexorable anthologists, Duhamel and Minssen) with tight-lipped fortitude. She refused to betray the partner of her folly ("if,

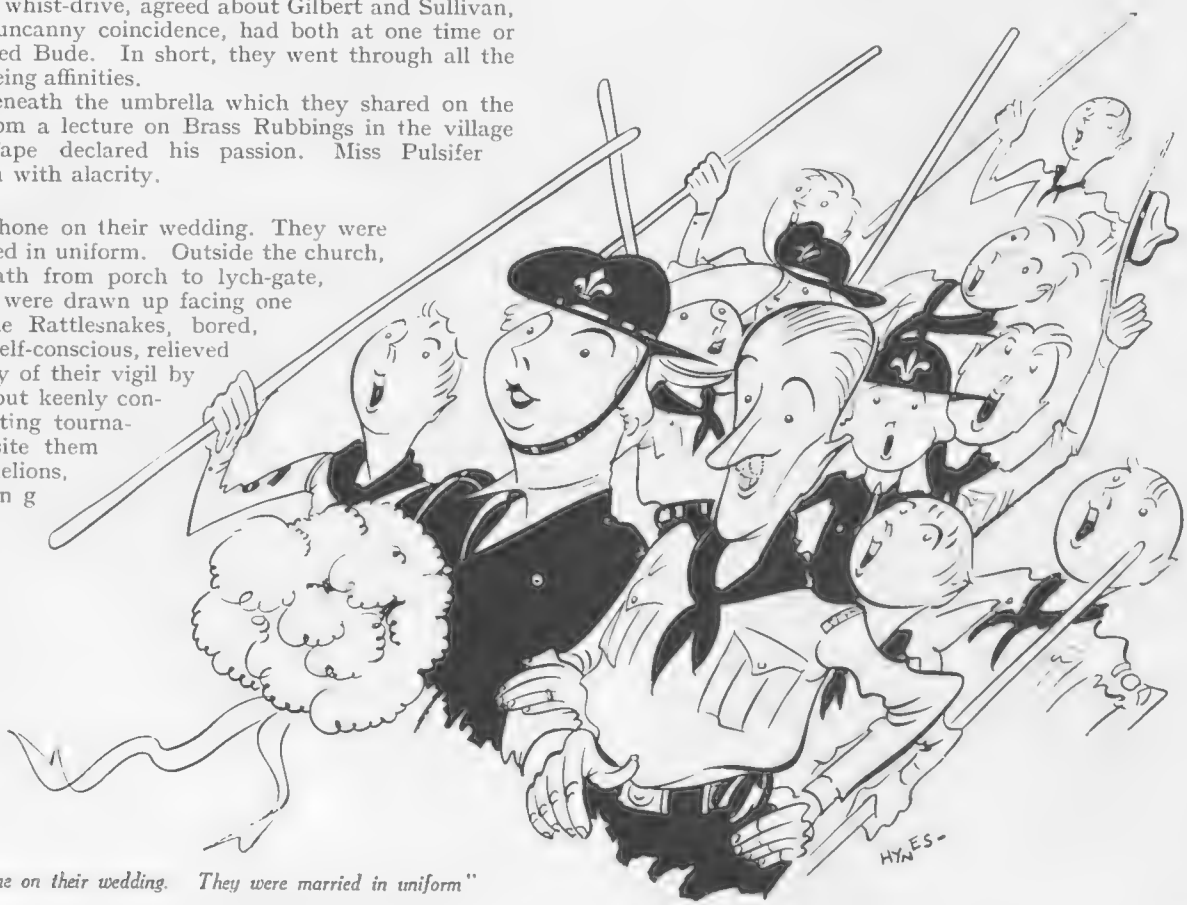
indeed, it was no worse than folly," as Miss Pulsifer allowed herself the luxury of writing.)

But Mr. Tape had much, temperamentally, in common with pustorius furo, the common ferret; it was not long before he discovered the culprit. Timothy Clarke (for it was he) expiated his long-range wantonness by copying out 400 lines of Virgil, a poet for whom his pristine distaste was thereby increased to an almost fanatical loathing.

As for Miss Pulsifer, it seemed that Romance, by the indirect agency of Original Sin, was at last within her reach. She saw a lot of Mr. Tape. He lent her his copy of Emerson's Essays, with favourite passages neatly, but vigorously, underlined. He showed her snapshots of a tour in Finland lately undertaken by his cousin, an intrepid fellow. They were partners in a whist-drive, agreed about Gilbert and Sullivan, and, by an uncanny coincidence, had both at one time or another visited Bude. In short, they went through all the motions of being affinities.

At last, beneath the umbrella which they shared on the way back from a lecture on Brass Rubbings in the village hall, Mr. Tape declared his passion. Miss Pulsifer accepted him with alacrity.

THE sun shone on their wedding. They were married in uniform. Outside the church, lining the path from porch to lych-gate, their patrols were drawn up facing one another. The Rattlesnakes, bored, restive, and self-conscious, relieved the monotony of their vigil by an informal but keenly contested spitting tournament. Opposite them the Dandelions, plumbing unnatural depths of sentimentality in their thoughts of Miss Pulsifer, giggled because it was not yet time to cry.



"The sun shone on their wedding. They were married in uniform"

AT last the nuptial pair made their appearance. Confetti was thrown by those pupils of either school who were too young, or too delicate, or too misguided to have joined their respective patrols. The lifted staves clashed loyally together in oscillating suggestion of a pergola. The Tapes marched down the youthful avenue, expansively benign. Timothy Clarke and Susan Fly, regrettably stationed vis-à-vis, exchanged significent smiles; "This was all our doing," they seemed to say. The bride caught them at it.

Something stirred inside Miss Pulsifer (that was). She felt a vague pang of discontent. Before their vivid young beauty she saw herself and Mr. Tape to be humbled. To have found romance so late in life by sharing in an attack on those who had found it so early seemed all at once highly ridiculous. But only for a moment.

"Those two are up to no good, I'm afraid," she told Mr. Tape as they drove off.

The honeymoon was spent at Bognor Regis.

A WEEK later we get our last glimpse of Miss Pulsifer. She is sitting in the Palm Lounge of the Marine Hotel. Outside a dishevelled dark grey sea clearly resents the puny but unremitting attentions of the rain. Miss Pulsifer is writing reports.

She writes swiftly, decisively. On the table before her lies an envelope addressed to the father of Susan Fly. From a packet of notepaper bearing the St. Saxifrage's crest (a burning torch, with the motto Non Sine Pulvere) she selects a second sheet.

She re-reads her last sentence. "*So it has been, on the whole, a satisfactory term from the point of view of class-work.*" She frowns. As on that April day when we first met her, that formidable fountain-pen is seen to pause and hover doubtfully.

"Getting on all right, my sweet?" asks Mr. Tape. He is sitting in an armchair beside her, reading a book on the Synoptic Problem by a man who was at Cambridge with him.

"Yes, dear," says his wife, without turning her head; and adds perfunctorily, "Ta."

Another moment's reflection; another frown: and she bends again to her task.

"*Susan's Good Conduct marks* (8 *out of a possible* 100) *are, however, very much lower than they should be, due largely to an incident which I can only characterise as——*"

And here she does look at her husband. From where she sits it is plain that he will be bald before very long. He is wearing mauve socks. His Christian name has turned out to be Hildebrand. He snores.

The fountain-pen returns to its duty.

"— *regrettable,*" writes Miss Pulsifer; and underlines it.

P. F.

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Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

Martell's Cordon Bleu

FILM NOTES

A GEORGE ALEXANDER of the SCREEN

By LIONEL COLLIER

True to the screen's ideal of journalism, Joan Crawford, as a reporter, in "Dance Fools, Dance," thinks first of her paper and phones the murder story—though the victim is her own brother!

ON the screen there are, as a rule, only two types, gentlemen (mostly of the American variety) and cads (nationality assorted).

What I mean is that to be a celluloid hero you have to be very, very good, and to be a villain, by the same token you must be horrid.

At least that is how it used to be. I think perhaps times are changing and the hero may now have a touch of vice, and the villain is allowed to have some redeeming quality. Usually that quality is only allowed to make itself manifest when he is near death's door.

As, for instance, in "Little Cæsar," a recent gangster play where the villain (hero?)—anyway the leading character—refrains from shooting his dupe, who has given him away to the police.

A negative virtue, perhaps, but undoubtedly, gunman traditions all considered, a virtue.

Sez you! Will Rogers as Hank, in "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," discusses the prison regulations of the Arthurian period

Queen Morgan le Fey, the great attraction at the Court. Myrna Loy as she appears in "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," now at the Regal

NOW in Lowell Sherman, a stage actor of repute, who has been about ten years on the screen, we have the perfect flâneur, the man about town, the connoisseur of women and wine, and, to boot, a very accomplished and natural actor.

Here we have a hero with more faults than virtues—in fact a very human being like the rest of us.

He approximates more closely in his methods on the screen to the George Alexander we knew on the stage. He is cynical, well-dressed, and knows how to carry off a situation with the utmost aplomb. One of those situations, you understand, where an old amour refuses to die and continues to interfere with a perfectly good new one.

It is such a situation as this that Lowell Sherman has to handle in his latest picture, "Bachelor Apartment," at the Leicester Square Cinema.

It does seem all atune, does it not? Bachelor apartments, Leicester Square, and a sophisticated man about town.

(Continued on page 554)

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Lavender for the gay insouciance of the débutante, Lavender for her charming mother—and **her** mother too. Wistful, Winsome, Lovable Fragrance!

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FILM NOTES (continued from page 552)

Clive Brook is not trying to see whether Tallulah Bankhead looks like Marlene Dietrich or Greta Garbo—it's just his way of making love in "The Tarnished Lady," at the Carlton

It is a cheery show, bright in dialogue, sophisticated and cynical in its humour. One of those pictures, in fact, that make one believe that the talkies are really growing up, and understanding that there are other degrees of character besides good and bad.

LIKE the colonel telling the story of his tiger hunt, going to sleep during its narration and waking up and informing his hearers that, "of course, he married the girl"—so Lowell Sherman has to marry the innocent secretary he is pursuing. What a life they must have had after the picture ended!

WHILE leading men are not, as I have said, allowed much moral latitude, women are different. An American heroine can be the most persistent of gold diggers and take anything without giving anything so long as they marry in the last reel.

One of the most adept at this "virtue-so-long-as-you have-virginity" type of heroine is Joan Crawford.

Perhaps you remember her in "Blushing Brides" and other films dealing with the liveliness but discreet morality of modern American youth.

Joan has now decided she is a dramatic artist, and so in "Dance, Fools, Dance," which is appearing at the Empire, she becomes a "journaliste," or is it "journalette"?

All journalism is dramatic—at least, on the screen. Anyway, in "Dance, Fools, Dance," Miss Crawford loses all her money, gets a reporter's job on a paper through influence, and is thus sent on a murder story. The murderer, as you may have suspected if you have seen enough films, is her brother. Climax and devoted duty to the paper on Miss Crawford's side; she places the story, brother or no brother! Finally, she returns to the arms of a patient and devoted lover.

No, Miss Crawford is decidedly not a dramatic artist. She appeared in one dance scene and cheered me up at once. In fact, "Dance, Joan, Dance."

A gay bachelor finds that even a bachelor's life has its difficulties. Lowell Sherman and Claudia Dell in "Bachelor Apartment," at the Leicester Square Cinema

IF you go to the Carlton you can see Tallulah Bankhead in a modernly set version of screen plot No. 1. It seems strange that America, having captured this star, should put her in the sort of drama that used to make our grandparents weep—or laugh. Tallulah's voice certainly comes over well, and, except for a disconcerting habit of looking vaguely into space when she is delivering herself of some of the more dramatic dialogue, she has an excellent screen presence.

Tallulah Bankhead as she appears in her first talkie, "The Tarnished Lady," a modernly set but very ingenuous society drama

Still, the plot gives her little assistance—society girl married for money, an impecunious lover, lover proves a cad, girl has baby and repairs to wealthy husband, having learnt to love him. Clive Brook does not assist matters as a colourless husband.

L. C.

Unchanged in a changing world

DEWAR'S

'White Label' Whisky!

A general view of the Moravian Spa at Luhačovice set in beautiful wooded surroundings. The air here is wonderfully pure and invigorating

WHERE HEALTH IS FOUND IN MORAVIA

THE fame of Luhačovice, lying in a lovely Moravian valley on the south-eastern slope of the Carpathians, rests in its healing waters and in its marvellous Inhalatorium, the finest in Europe. Within it is installed every known modern device for dealing with catarrh in all its forms, but, even so, the eminent laryngologists and other resident physicians regard their costly apparatus as merely so many scientific aids to the priceless gifts provided by Nature herself at their very doors, and for the treatment of all respiratory diseases only natural mineral waters are used. There are pneumatic chambers, which are regulated by high- and low-air pressure for the relief of asthma patients; there are spraying rooms and individual cabinets, mask treatments given by a pneumatic apparatus with its ingredients of oil, oxide, and radio inhalations.

The Inhalatorium in the grounds of the Spa. One of the best equipped in Europe, within its walls very many sufferers from catarrh and similar complaints are cured every year

IN conjunction with the Inhalatorium treatment natural carbonic acid baths are provided, and the drinking cure is recommended. The bath halls are replete with every comfort, and not the smallest detail is omitted that will help towards the complete recovery of the sufferer. Showers, steam boxes, and massage, according to doctors' prescriptions, are given under medical supervision and administered by highly efficient officials—men and women. Mud and sulphur baths are also provided for those whose condition requires them, and during the last few years sun- and air-bathing quarters have been carefully chosen and equipped for the carrying out of organised breathing exercises—as a means of developing the respiratory organs after the tonic treatment of the Inhalatorium.

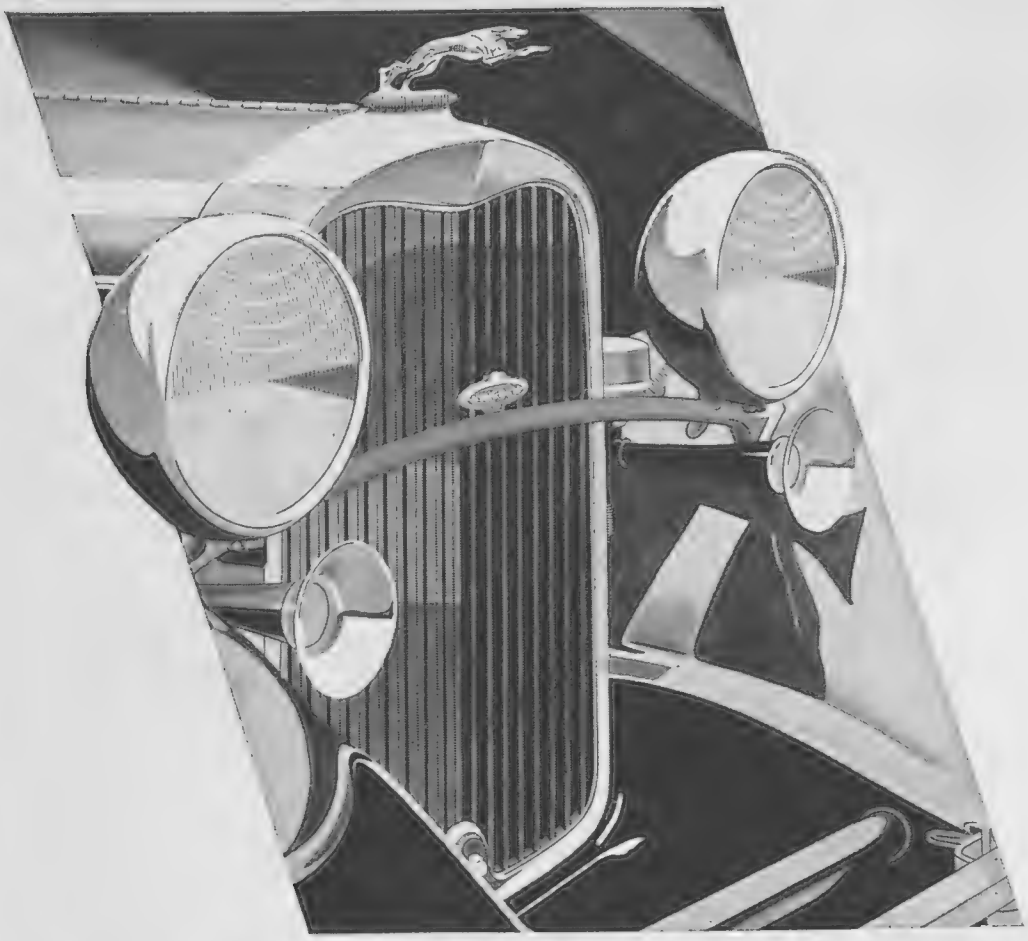
CATARRH in all its variations is most successfully treated at Luhačovice. Sufferers from such distressing complaints as chronic nasal, throat and bronchial catarrh and asthma come from all over the Continent and from America in increasing numbers. Catarrh is, however, by no means the only enemy Luhačovice is able to grapple with. Vast numbers of people suffering from dyspepsia, intestinal inflammation and ulcers, liver and bladder trouble, come to the valley despairing but go away joyful. Rheumatism and sciatica are specially treated; but I think those people who suffer from just "nerves" stand as good a chance of being completely cured at Luhačovice as anyone else; the tonic effects of the health-giving waters, applied internally and externally, the sun and brightness of the valley, the peace and purity of the place itself go far towards bringing them back to normal again.

The treatments for all diseases are natural and pleasant, though, of course, the methods employed demand strict obedience to the doctor's orders and adherence to the various spa rules as to dieting and drinking.

LUHAČOVICE is a jolly place for a holiday. There are exceptionally fine tennis courts for visitors; a nine-hole course for the use of golf enthusiasts has been laid out, and quite good fishing is obtainable, a special angler's permit being granted by the Spa management.

Philharmonic orchestras give concerts twice daily in the Spa Square, where the springs are situated, and there is a charming little theatre which offers excellent dramatic and operatic fare. There is always something going on if one wants it, and always plenty of peace and quiet if one doesn't. As a centre for seeing the country Luhačovice is hard to beat, for it is happily situated in the middle of that part of Moravia famous in history and legend. M. H. L.

A glimpse of the Mineral Baths and the Spa Square. Apart from its wonderful reputation as a Spa, Luhačovice proves an ideal holiday spot, where lawn tennis, golf and fishing are available in beautiful and healthy surroundings



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LINCOLN

A view of the thirteenth green and fourteenth fairway at Woodcote Park. The club is nineteen years old, and when first opened the present thirteenth and fourteenth holes were one

GOLF GOSSIP

BY LIEUT-COL. ELWY JONES

THE British Ryder Cup team sails for America on the Majestic on the 10th, after having been entertained by the Nineteenth Club the previous night.

They will begin their practice at Boston, playing their first exhibition match there, over the course of the Winchester Country Club on June 19.

Prior to the American Open Championship, which takes place at Toledo, on the Inverness Club's course, on July 2, 3, and 4, they will go into preparation at Columbus for the Ryder Cup contest at Ohio on June 26 and 27.

* * *

AMONGST their other engagements are: Chicago, July 5; Canadian Open Championship at Toronto on July 9, 10, and 11; possibly a return to America for a match at Buffalo; and, finally, against the Canadian professionals at Quebec on July 13. They sail for home on the Empress of Britain on July 18. Whatever difference of opinion there may be over the selection of the team, they will carry with them the good wishes of all golfers.

* * *

PLAYING over the Woodcote Park course on Saturday, I was reminded by the Secretary, Mr. C. R. Walters, that it was exactly nineteen years to the day since Vardon and Braid played the opening match there.

Many changes have taken place since then, and the course has been altered considerably, the present thirteenth and fourteenth holes were then one, the thirteenth known as the "Sloggers' Paradise."

Mr. Walters, with Lt.-Col. C. W. Myddleton, founded the Surrey Shield Competition, for which this year no fewer than sixty-seven teams have entered.

The teams consist of players with handicaps from 4 to 18, but each team must contain at least two players of 11 handicap or higher. This must encourage the long-handicap man to take an interest in team matches.

* * *

IT was very interesting to learn that in the early days of the Club nearly every member arrived on a bicycle, and the question of providing accommodation for the "iron horses" was one of the first difficulties the committee had to overcome; to-day almost all players arrive by car. Strange to say, more visited the club in the days of the cycle than to-day. Are we lazier than we were twenty years ago, or is it that so many other clubs have sprung up? It seems odd that such an excellent course, now in fine trim, quite an easy run from the West End, should be less used than before the War, with golf increasing in popularity as it is. I said a few weeks ago that a Ladies' International match had been arranged with France. I am informed by the L.G.U. that this is not correct.

THEY hope the first of these matches will take place in October, the details of the match are still being discussed between the two countries, and no definite decision has been arrived at as to the composition or number of the teams. I notice that the honorary secretary of a golf club has written to a golfing paper complaining that at two very well-known clubs he was only able to purchase tees made in the U.S.A. or Germany; this seems a deplorable state of affairs. Where are our commercial travellers?

* * *

DO golf clubs realise the necessity of taking combined steps to protect themselves from the danger of Mr. Snowden's land tax, which will mean ruination to the smaller clubs?

In talking of putting, Bobby Jones lays down that "comfort produced by a perfect relaxation" is all important. He considers that almost every bad putt is caused by the left hand, the most common form of this being that the left hand turns the club over just before impact, causing the ball to go to the left. During the Midget Golf craze I learnt a lesson on this point; at one hole which I played frequently it was necessary to putt sufficiently firmly to negotiate a rather steep slope, stay on a small plateau, and avoid the downward slope beyond. Strength was more important than direction, but there were two obstacles guarding the hole, and time after time I found that I pulled my putt into the left hand obstacle merely because I was not paying attention to the work of the left hand.

* * *

BOBBY JONES is against the all-wrist stroke for putting; he says it is essential for a putt to be hit along the ground, not lifted. For this the club-head must finish low, and it cannot do so if the wrists alone are used. Arthur Havers drove the first ball in the Open Championship, and returned a wonderful score of 73. It is difficult to realise what a brilliant round this was without having seen the play; the approaches to the greens were guarded by water which had to be negotiated from every angle; there were miniature lakes on the greens, which compelled competitors, unable to find any clear course to the hole, to use a mashie to loft over the water, in place of a putter.

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CAMERA EYE

"Weddings—ordinary weddings—were a bit out of his line. But this was no ordinary wedding"

By GUY GILPATRIC

Illustrated by GRAHAM SIMMONS

HUGHEY CAVANAUGH wrote well, and he had the knack of picking the right things to write about that makes a good reporter. He never forgot a face, he rarely forgot a fact, and he knew everybody in town. And if somebody happened to be out of town Hughey Cavanaugh could tell you why—even to the penny of the missing amount, the real name and complexion of the heart-broken blonde, or the exact offence of the bullet-blasted deceased which had caused him to be put on the spot—marked "X" in the photographs in the morning edition (story on page 3).

The paper was using Hughey on special assignments now and letting him sign his stuff. Some time—say in a year—he hoped to have his own syndicated gossip column with his picture at the top. "A Peck of Dirt a Day," he'd call it, "Strictly Between Us," or "Lend Me Your Ear"—well, something like that, only snappier. Meanwhile, he was doing a good job with his human interest sidelights on important events—telling who was who and who with at the football game, the prize-fight, or last night's first night. He wrote what he pleased, what he wrote pleased the readers, and this pleased the Boss. Thus everybody was happy, particularly Hughey Cavanaugh.

Weddings—ordinary weddings—were a bit out of his line. But this was no ordinary wedding. This was high hat, big shot and front page, with plenty of champagne for the gentlemen of the Press. Real champagne, too—not just speakeasy vinegar with sodium bicarb. to make it fizz. . . . For this was the matrimony of millions ("Matrimoney"—Hughey jotted it down), a carnival of cold cash, an affair which only the adding machine of a Bradstreet or a Babson could adequately describe. The groom had thirty millions, and just how much the bride had was nobody's business. That is, it was nobody's business except her father's, who had squeezed everybody else out of it.

Ah, there was Papa now—Old Man Nichols (Hughey grinned as he spelled it Nickels)—taking some people into that room at the side. That was where the wedding presents were, probably. But let's see, who were those people? . . .

Hughey's camera eye slid from one to another of them, and in time, with each flicker, his mind delivered up a little biographical sketch. Mrs. Stanislaw Parsons, former Vanities girl, fell off water-wagon and stern of yacht, Miami, 1927. . . . Miss Gertrude Swinburne, Spence School, ran over traffic cop, 57th Street and Park Avenue. . . . Mr. Bob Everitt, Dartmouth hurdler, '21, set fire to table in Club Catalan. . . . Yes, and there was Eddy Straus from Police Headquarters, all dressed up in gardenia, cutaway and striped pants, trying to look like a guest. Well, if his gun didn't bulge his coat, and if you happened to be half-witted and wholly blind, you'd never guess that Straus was a dick. Here to guard the presents, of course. Too bad they couldn't send around a good man. . . .

HUGHEY strolled through the comfortably champagned crowd towards the gift room—the Sub-Treasury he'd call it in his story, or, no, Tiffany's Annex. The necklace, he'd heard, was worth—oh, gosh, he'd forgotten the exact amount, but it was enough to keep a City Roomful of scribes like Hughey Cavanaugh in liquor and laziest luxury from now until the pavement was fixed on the Queensborough Bridge.

Old Man Nichols and his party were just coming out. Hughey winked at Eddy Straus as the detective passed him. Straus frowned. Why, the dumb dick was trying to act dignified, which was a good laugh!

"A precautionary instinct caused him to glance over his shoulder. The waiter was standing there, smiling at him. 'Hello, Mr. Cavanaugh,' he greeted"

CAMERA EYE (continued)

The presents were displayed on a table which extended the length of the ante-room. Some of them were beautiful, most of them were hideous, all of them were costly. But the necklace, besides being costly, was both hideous and beautiful at the same time. Though its every icy, blazing bit was flawless, there was a great deal too much of it—like Greta Garbo would look if she were seven feet tall, thought Hughey Cavanaugh.

But Lord, what a jewel it was! If the money it had cost were to be changed into one-dollar bills and laid end to end they'd . . .

Out of the corner of his eye Hughey saw a waiter strolling by the door—strolling and glancing casually in as he passed. It was only a flash, but in that instant Hughey's memory clicked. Police Headquarters . . . the morning line-up of crooks before the detectives . . . a row of sullen faces beneath the blinding lights . . . this waiter's face among them.

Well, a hell of a detective Straus was! He deserved to have the necklace swiped from under his nose, letting a crook with a record wander around in a place like this! But, just the same, Hughey supposed he'd better tip him off.

It would make a great story, come to think of it!—"*Herald-Standard* Man Spots Crook. Shames Coppers." "Cavanaugh's 'Camera Eye' Picks Jewel Thief at Billion Dollar Wedding." . . . Chuckling to himself he started toward the door, already writing the story in his mind.

And then suddenly, unaccountably, his train of thought switched off on a side-track and went rushing through a new and totally strange section of mental territory. In the time it had taken him to walk a single step—to lift one foot from the floor, move it forward thirty inches and put it down again—the whole thing was clear. Not as a story, mind you, but as a plan of action.

Hughey would steal the necklace. Then he would whisper to Straus that he had seen the waiter drop . . . something . . . from that open window on the Park Avenue side.

The necklace would be missing. The waiter's criminal record would do the rest. Cinch!

Hughey didn't need the money. He didn't want the necklace. It was simply that a plot for a story had gone astray in the making. Instead of writing it he was living it. The imaginary had become the actual.

He halted, turned, and retraced his steps toward the table. As he was about to pick up the necklace a precautionary instinct caused him to glance over his shoulder. The waiter was standing there, smiling at him.

"HELLO, Mister Cavanaugh," he greeted. "Say, I'll bet it's three years since we've seen each other, but I'll bet you don't remember where."

Cavanaugh swallowed, and swallowed again. There was no occasion to be nervous, he told himself, but still—but still—it had been a mighty close call! . . . And, speaking of nerve, this waiter, this crook, certainly had his crust with him!

"Yes," Hughey answered him gruffly. "I remember your face, and I remember where I saw you. And as long as you're so damned curious I saw you in the line-up at Police Headquarters in May, 1927—yes, it was a Monday, about May fifteenth. I don't remember your name, but I guess the police could recall it!"

"At the line-up, right! Well, say, you are pretty good!" declared the waiter, nodding his head in admiration. "I hope you'll excuse me for bothering you when you're trying to work, but I really didn't think you could place me like that, Mr. Cavanaugh. I'm Lieutenant MacIntyre, in charge of Criminal Identification down at Center Street—remember? I heard that you're like me—that you've got a camera eye and never forget a face."

Hughey's fingers were not quite steady as he fussed with his cigarette lighter. "No, I never do," he said. "Only to-day—well, just for a minute, sort of—I seemed to forget who the faces and—things—belonged to." G. G.

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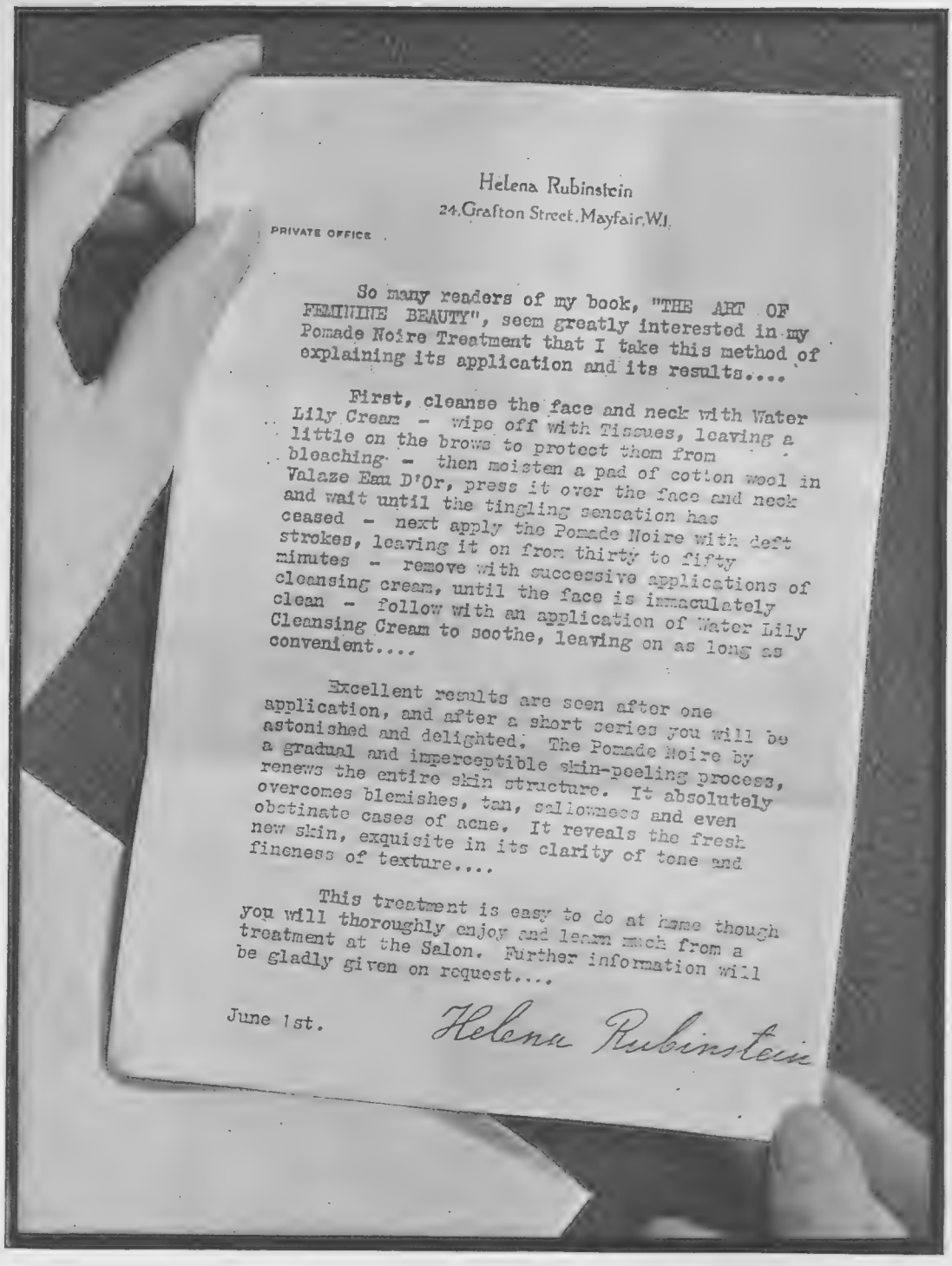

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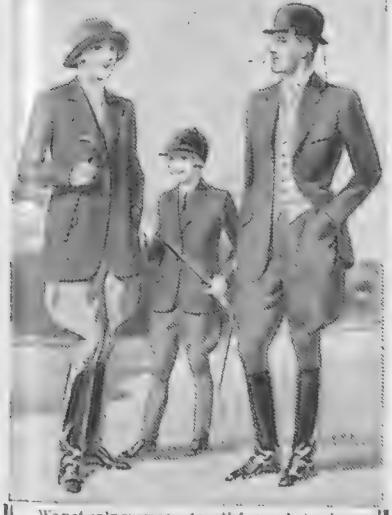

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SHOOTING NOTES

WHAT CLAY-BIRD PRACTICE HAS DONE

By Max Baker

A large bag of jackdaws brought down on the Duke of Rutland's estate at Croxton Park, Leicestershire. The birds were rapidly becoming a great pest

THE particular reasons which encourage post-War shooters to indulge freely in clay-bird work at shooting schools are worth discussing at the time of year when such training is most beneficial and so many are conveniently situated for a run out to one of these establishments. When big bags were the fashion and hosts competed with one another to secure the presence of really first-class shots the standard attained by the limited few was very high indeed. They added training to natural aptitude, and practically monopolised the abundance that breeds perfection.

SINCE the War there have been great changes in the distribution of shooting opportunities. The breaking up of estates, the letting of guns in many that remain intact, and the improved organisation of syndicates on a stable and self-respecting basis have combined to widen the circle of patrons. The motor has also assisted in many ways, more particularly that it facilitates the one-day shoot as an alternative for the old three-day function with its attendant complications of a house party.

THOUGH the total of shooting may be less, its better distribution on more democratic lines actually benefits the majority. The hundred or so artists at the game have departed; their place has been taken by a thousand or more of equal, or nearly equal, skill. Behind these is an army of really useful shots, numerous to a degree that would never have been possible but for the services rendered by the humble clay bird.

THE famous shots of the past had to pick up their skill as best they could. A limited number patronised the schools for practice, and all for gun-fitting; but a new generation had to grow up before clay birds became the accepted introduction to game shooting. That generation has now matured. It learnt from the start to adopt a scientific attitude—that a certain range and speed of flight necessitated a precise amount of hold forward; further, that the mathematical substratum could not be applied as such, but must be converted into instinctive action by abundant practice at artificial targets.

IN the course of time and by close study, every sort of shot that presents itself in the course of a day's shooting has been classified and duly reproduced. The young idea takes each in turn, and continues till he has mastered them. Compare this with an elusive bird that occurs but once in a way, and always tricks you. Inside everybody is a mysterious something that takes notes all the while, forgets nothing, and by a flash recognises when the conditions again occur. In shooting, its store of useful knowledge is based on successes: failures are unsolved puzzles. Without worrying the brain it issues all necessary instructions, and so a truly remarkable feat is accomplished with unconscious effort. The clay bird is the medium, because of its ability for infinitely repeating any given condition.

MATURE shots discover in the same mechanically projected target a means of reconditioning faculties and muscles that have become dulled by inaction. So true is this that the more knowing actually fire more cartridges at clay birds than on actual shooting occasions. That they are wise is obvious, because there is so much to think of and to observe when engaged on the sport that the actual process of shooting can get little attention. It must be automatic.

THE man who tries to analyse misses and make cast-iron sure of repeating his successes gets worried into a bad state, and goes right off form. His companion who reserves this kind of thing for the proper time and place ensures the confidence which is a prime ingredient of sound marksmanship.

IF the history of shooting birds on the wing were studied by means of the available literature, the enquirer would soon be convinced that all the early teachers were groping in the dark. They tried to give instruction on a process where every exponent of the art admitted frankly that he did not know how he did it. Later came the scientific measurement of velocity, time of shot flight, and the consequent allowance, but these mathematics put people in a worse muddle than before. How, they would ask, could they do arithmetic sums when there was little enough time to shoot?

THE clay bird at last put everybody right. Science was rejected as being needed only by the factory expert. To teach yourself to shoot you must teach the alter ego within: it alone can locate the magic spot ahead and direct the muscles how to point the gun. Thus, at last, the brain was reduced to its proper function of intelligent onlooker and sometimes critic. It must pass on to the little man inside the instructions and comments of the coach. It may discuss hits and misses with learned detail during the luncheon interval. Even during serious business it can be very useful, but must avoid confusing an efficient servant.

BY that outlook and method alone can the budding shot gain the standard of skill which so surprising a number to-day possess. They have certainly reached a high pinnacle, and he can do the same without undergoing the painful and arduous apprenticeship of an earlier generation. Fewer fall by the wayside, disheartened and discouraged. All are now taught by a sure method, and their after-career is equally safeguarded. The moral of the discourse is to shoot lots of clays.

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9	11	×	3	9	..	5	19	6
10	3	×	4	4	..	7	19	6
11	11	×	4	1	..	8	8	0
12	3	×	4	6	..	9	9	0
12	8	×	4	1	..	7	19	6
13	1	×	4	11	..	11	11	0
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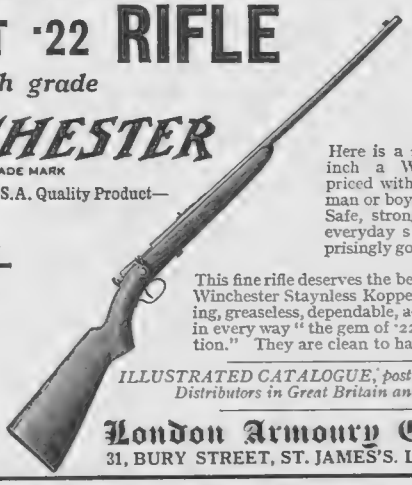

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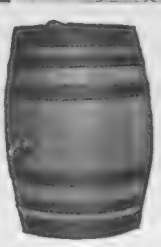

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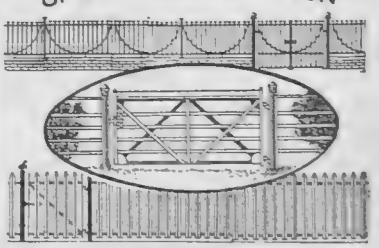

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FLYING NOTES

AIR UNION ACTIVITIES By Capt. C. E. Ward

Esprit de Corps

On Saturday, May 30, Captain Dieudonné Costes, the famous French airman, visited this country for the first time since his outstanding flight from Paris to New York in the "Question Mark" last year. His arrival at Croydon aerodrome with M. Bellonte, his navigator, escorted by five Air Union Golden Ray air liners, was impressive, and the Air Union, of which Captain Costes is now Inspector-General, afterwards held a luncheon reception at the Aerodrome Hotel in his honour. His Excellency, M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador, presided, and Mr. F. Montague, M.P., Under-Secretary of State for Air, Colonel the Master of Sempill and many other prominent aviation officers and notabilities were present.

Mr. F. Montague, the Under-Secretary of State for Air (left), greeting the famous French airman, Capt. Dieudonné Costes, after his arrival at Croydon in his 'plane, the "Question Mark," on his official visit as Inspector-General of the Air Union. In the centre of the group are Lieut. Bellonte, who accompanied Capt. Costes on his many record flights, and M. Fleuriau, the French Ambassador

Throughout the proceedings one could not help being struck by the remarkable spirit of camaraderie and pride which so obviously existed through the entire Air Union organisation, and one felt that here was the very keystone of success. Safety must always be the first consideration in operating an air line, and the Air Union has certainly achieved an enviable reputation in this respect. Reliability, efficiency, and consideration for its passengers are also all-important factors, but none of these things can be achieved without that quality which is contained in the brief phrase at the head of this column.

Esprit de corps has been cultivated by the greatest military leaders in the history of the world, and they became great for that reason. Its presence means success and its absence failure; and it is as essential to the success of an organisation like an air line as it is to any army in the field. It grows from within, and its embodiment is the realisation by every single member, from the ground staff to the Inspector-General, that he is engaged not only in earning his livelihood but in rendering a great public service.

On Saturday it was clear that every member of the Air Union felt a genuine responsibility for the performance of the organisation, and took a real pride in its achievements and in those of its Inspector-General. Built on such a concrete foundation the Air Union cannot help but go from strength to strength.

The Scarborough Meeting

The first meeting of the Scarborough Aero Club took place at Scarborough racecourse on Whit Monday, and over ten thousand people arrived to enjoy the thrills. The first event was the baptism of the club's new Redwing, "Scarborough First," the ceremony being performed by the Mayoress of Scarborough, Mrs. T. W. Butler. The fly past was remarkable for the many different types of machines taking part. One noted Moths, Avian, Spartan, Widgeon, Bluebird, Martlet, Puss Moth, Hendy 302, and Civilian Coupé. Flight-Lieut. Russell, of the Redwing Aircraft Co., gave a convincing display of the capabilities of the Redwing, particularly in the matter of slow flying.

The Heston Whitsun Cruise

On May 23 the eight aeroplanes—six Moths and two Puss Moths—which finally turned out for the Whitsun cruise, took off from Heston according to plan for their tour over France. Three of the machines were piloted by ladies. Mrs. Nigel Norman accompanied the flight as passenger, and ten male members made up the party.

Imperial Airways Service

Imperial Airways have now made arrangements for air taxis to meet Atlantic liners at Cherbourg on their arrival from America and take passengers direct to London, thereby saving some twelve hours or so on the journey. The type of machines employed will depend on the number of passengers, a Moth for a single passenger or a 20-seater Armstrong Whitworth Argosy for large parties. The fare will be about £15 per passenger.

The direct weekly air parcel post to India is now in operation, the parcels being conveyed from London to Karachi by the regular England-India air mail service, which leaves London on Saturday and arrives the following Thursday. The latest time for posting at the General Post Office, London, is 9 p.m. on Fridays.

As the time taken by post is 17 days (via France) and 23 days by sea direct, it will be seen that a big saving of time is effected. The inclusive rate of postage is 6s. per lb., to a maximum of 20 lbs.

A triangular fight near Huntingdon between a L.N.E.R. express, Mr. J. W. Shillan, the motor boat racing expert, and the famous aviator, Mr. de Havilland. The train, which travels at 80 m.p.h. on this stretch of line, won owing to the difficulties in navigation experienced by the motor boat and aeroplane

"There's an old-clothes man at the door, James."

"That's all right, my dear. Just tell him I've got all I need."

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"... and how's the flying getting on?"

The Cigarette: Fine, thanks. I expect I'll be going solo next time.

The Cigar: Won't you feel rather nervous flying by yourself after only a few hours' instruction?

The Cigarette: No, I don't think so. After all, the instructor hasn't touched the controls for ages, and really I'm getting quite tired of his back view!

The Cigar: But look here: Suppose you're flying from Heston, say, to Bristol and the engine goes wrong—what'd you do?

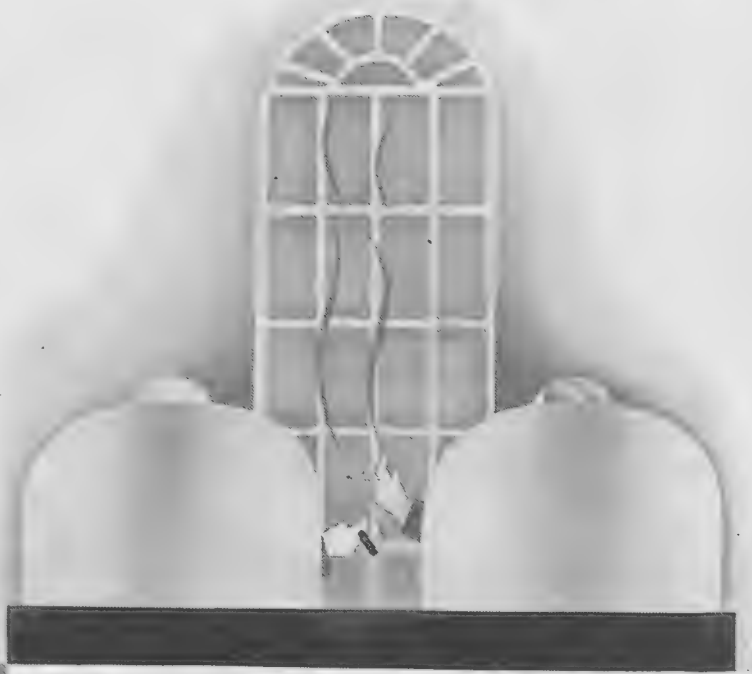
The Cigarette: Visions of the machine dropping like a stone? Well, it wouldn't. I'd just glide down into some field.

The Cigar: Must be pretty good up there with no traffic to bother about.

The Cigarette: It is. You'll never know how enjoyable travelling can be until you've flown. In fact I'm selling my sports car and buying a 'baby' and an aeroplane—they'll cost me no more to run, and give me far more pleasure?

The Cigar: You're very convincing. May I come up with you some day and see what sort of pilot Heston has made of you?

The Cigarette: Yes, do. We'll have an early lunch on the aerodrome, have a round of golf at Le Touquet and be back in time for dinner. That's what flying can do for you! Customs? Oh, we can clear at Heston — they have a customs' office there, you know.



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The Prince of Wales visited Carnoustie on the final day of the British Open Golf Championship to watch José Jurado, the little Argentine who finished second play round. The Prince is seen on his way to the first tee to watch Jurado drive off

AMERICA WINS OUR OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Jose Jurado, the Argentine player, who finished second in the Open Golf Championship. He aggregated 297 for the four rounds, and finished up one stroke behind Tommy Armour, the ultimate winner, his last round costing him 77

Horton Smith, the tall American golfer, and S. Fairweather (Malone) on their way to the twelfth tee during the Open Championship at Carnoustie. In the fourth and last round Horton Smith returned an excellent 72, but it was then too late in the proceedings to be of any material assistance, and he was a joint twelfth in the final placings

Tommy Armour, who, with an aggregate of 296, won the British Open Golf Championship for America. A native of Edinburgh, he turned professional in 1925, and has since been most successful in America

GOLF STARS AT CARNOUSTIE

Henry Cotton (Langley Park) bunkered at the 16th. He courageously fought a very strong American challenge in the Open Championship, and at the end of the first round he led the field, but unfortunately failed to maintain his lead in the later rounds

Johnny Farrell (Quaker Ridge), the American professional, whose card of 72 for the first round proper at Carnoustie placed him jointly first with Cotton and Twine

P. P. Wynne (Harewood Downs) and Joe Turnesa, the American player, setting out to play well protected against the rain

Gene Sarazen, the famous American star, of Lakeville, who was well to the fore in the Open Championships. At the end of the first round he was only two strokes behind the leaders with a score of 74

Macdonald Smith driving. Although he has been in America for many years he was a particular favourite with the crowd, for he hails from Carnoustie and it was here that he learnt to play golf

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FASHION FANCIES

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

A STUDY IN LACE AND GEORGETTE

There is a new lace which is as soft as a spider's web, and it is this, in conjunction with georgette of a lovely almond green shade, that has been used for this ensemble with its becoming coatee. It may be seen in the salons of Peter Robinson, Oxford Street

LACE FOR ASCOT, BARREL MUFF-POCHETTES

THE IMPORTANCE OF FLOWERS INEXPENSIVE ENSEMBLES

This decidedly attractive sun-suit or swimmer is a study in red and white; it is carried out in knitted silk, with beret to match, and may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge

Women Think in Lace

THE Derby and the Oaks are over and the result of the wonderful sweepstakes have been announced. This week there are Their Majesties' Courts at Buckingham Palace, and next week comes Ascot. The consensus of opinion is that it will be a lace Ascot; some of the dresses that will be seen in the Royal Enclosure will be exceedingly beautiful, for although they will be carried out in black and pastel-tinted laces, they will have an almost tailored aspect, and of course, the coatee will be well-nigh ubiquitous. Quite a new note is to have the coatee made with a detachable Medici collar; should the day be chilly one of fur may be substituted. With the plain lace ensembles flowers will occupy a prominent rôle, and the necklace, the corsage spray, bracelet and hat decoration will match.

Organdi and Printed Chiffon

PICTURE frocks of organdi enriched with lace will be well represented at Ascot. They will be seen in conjunction with muffs, which will quietly and unostentatiously usurp the place of pochettes. The bodices of these frocks will be quite plain, the sleeves will be of the puff character, the scheme being completed with long lace mittens. The printed chiffon frocks are really charming, cleverly arranged godets taking the place of floating draperies, the material over the hips being worked up into a geometrical design.

For the Holidays

THE thoughts of many women are concentrated on the holidays, therefore Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., have contributed the ensemble pictured on this page. It may be seen in the tailor-made department on the ground floor. It consists of a dress of printed shantung, the skirt is arranged in pleats back and front, while the short coat is provided with pockets, the scheme being completed with a long coat of frieze; the trio are available for 6½ guineas in a variety of colour schemes, including cornflower blue and grass green. Neither must it be overlooked that there are Saxony coats and skirts for 5½ guineas. Women of generous proportions must study the catalogue devoted to their requirements, it will be sent on application.

Beach Suits and Swimmers

NOW that the sun has at last condescended to shine beach suits and swimmers demand immediate attention. The model illustrated on this page consists of a bathing suit with tunic attached. It is carried out in white knitted silk with beret to match, the cape being red. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there are well-cut woollen swimmers for 14*s.* 9*d.*, while man-tailored shantung shorts for the beach are 25*s.*, there are others for 11*s.* 9*d.* Then well worth a visit to view are the linen beach suits with shorts instead of trousers for 49*s.* 6*d.*

A particularly useful ensemble in the tailor-made department of Marshall and Snelgrove's. It consists of a long frieze coat and a short coat and dress of printed shantung

IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS GLOWED THE EMERALD HE HAD GIVEN HER THAT MORNING . . .

. . . . The lights in the auditorium were dimmed. Only on the vast red curtain remained a soft glow, like some giant's hearth. Music meant so much to her . . . It meant so much to him that she loved it.

And the duchess had been so kind, so understanding to lend them her box on that night of all nights. He touched lightly the hand on which in the semi-darkness glowed the emerald he had given her that morning—the touch of a comrade who knew.

Thus began the magic of Wagner, wedded to the magic of their own happiness.

Soft lights, good music and the perfect understanding of true friendship. Beautiful words which like good wine suggest contentment.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

ROARING LIONS, PSYCHOLOGY AND ROMANCE — By "Junius"

Howard Coster

COLLINSON OWEN

The well-known publicist, whose new book, "King Crime" (Benn, 12s. 6d.), casts a floodlight on the growth of lawlessness in America. Mr. Owen, whose work is well known to BYSTANDER *readers, achieved a big success with "The American Illusion"*

THERE'S a gay and delightful impudence about *Hear the Lions Roar* (Shaylor, 7s. 6d.), by Sewell Stokes, which I think will not be resented by the twenty-seven "lions," whom he bearded in their cages. He shows us all sorts and kinds of "lions," from George Moore to Miss Radclyffe Hall, taking John Galsworthy, Lady Astor, Dame Madge Kendal, Elinor Glyn, Hugh Walpole, A. A. Milne, Noel Coward, Aldous Huxley and Bernard Shaw en route.

Mr. Stokes strikes quite a new note in "interviewing." He does not content himself with giving the opinions of his subjects. He gives his own personal opinion of them; and very shrewd and observant some of these opinions are, as well as being sometimes highly amusing. In his preface he says that someone to whom he read the list of the twenty-seven names, said, "'What a crew!' Asked to explain himself, he added, 'Well, you've mixed them up, haven't you? Shaw and Huxley—yes. But why, in God's name, Mannin and this Hitchcock person?'" But, as Mr. Stokes explains, he has endeavoured to appeal to every type of reader.

I haven't the pleasure of this daring and clever young man's acquaintance—or perhaps the pain of it if he considered me a "lion"—but if Nature has not given him a tip-tilted nose, Nature has made a mistake. You feel that the writer of such a book ought to have that symbol of gay impudence.

Mabel Robey

SEWELL STOKES

In the appropriate guise of a lion-tamer. Appropriate because he is the author of that entertaining book of biographical studies, "Hear the Lions Roar" (Shaylor, 7s. 6d.)

I AM not surprised that *Gideon's Lady* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), by G. Kent Oliver, has gone into a second impression, because I have seldom read a more absorbing modern historical novel. The scene is laid in Virginia in the reign of Charles I, and tells of the strange marriage of Gideon Hawkins and Anne Wilding. Anne arrives in the colony, penniless and fatherless, her father having died on the voyage from England. A grant of fifty acres of land is given to each immigrant. Gideon, already settled on his fifty acres, suffers from land hunger, and, in order to double the size of his holding, marries Anne at sight. He was originally a "parish boy"; Anne, although the daughter of a strolling player, was of gentle blood. The clash of the two temperaments is cleverly worked out against the background of early colonial life. The scenes in Virginia are written with a vivid reality which adds to the dramatic incidents of the story.

At first it seems that disaster can be the only end to this strange marriage, especially after Gideon has his wife ducked in the ducking-stool as a "common scold." But the gradual softening of Gideon's character under Anne's influence brings happiness to both. The slow, but steady change in a man, who has a good deal of the brute in him, is shown with rare restraint. In fact, it is one of the best parts of a book that is real romance from beginning to end.

MYSELF, I am always doubtful as to the value of propaganda by novel, and since there is a preface to *Sand* and *The Blue Moss* (Peter Davies, 7s. 6d.), by Edward Charles, I take it that the first of these two stories is what one may call a conjugal thesis. Mr. Charles sets out the problem of a married couple with a frankness that some readers will find disconcerting, even whilst they are aware of its psychologic truth. The author writes well, but I doubt if *Sand* will fulfil the wish of the writer of the preface, or make any change in the lives of married people situated as are Peter Methuen and his wife Margaret. *The Blue Moss* is a gripping and powerful story of madness.

IF anything were needed to show the flood of crime which seems to grow higher and higher every year in America, we have it in *King Crime* (Benn, 12s. 6d.), by Collinson Owen. The author whose book, *The American Illusion*, caused such a sensation, says that the rule of crime in America is "as interesting and important as anything given to the modern world by India, China or Russia." Further on in his preface he adds: "Europe has in recent years had abundant proof that crime in America is committed on a scale, and with an impunity, that exists in no other land with any pretension to civilisation, and even in many which have no such pretension." If you read the fourteen chapters of this book, obviously written with a profound knowledge and from close observation you will agree with Mr. Owen that the seriousness of this flood of crime cannot be exaggerated, and that "a solution of it is the greatest and most pressing need of the United States; and therefore we may say that American crime is one of the leading sociological questions before the world to-day."

(Continued on page vi)

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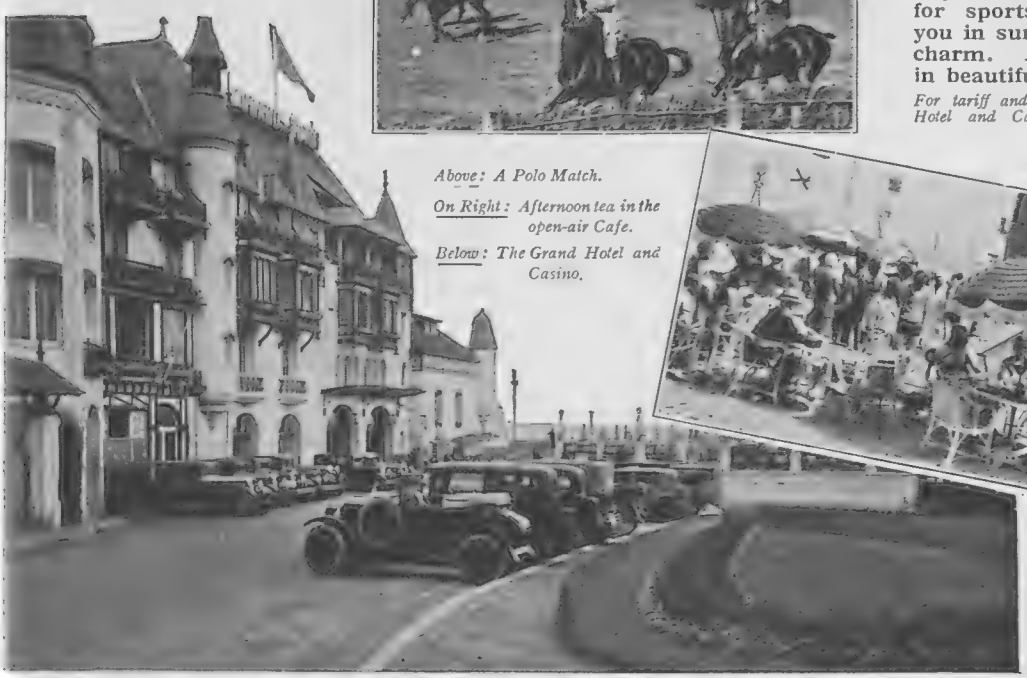
Above: A Polo Match.

On Right: Afternoon tea in the open-air Cafe.

Below: The Grand Hotel and Casino.



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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page iv)

I AM an admirer of Mr. Oliver Onions's novels. They have colour, character, and an attractive attitude towards human nature. But I have to confess to disappointment in his latest book, *A Certain Man* (Heinemann, 7*s.* 6*d.*). The root idea of the story is excellent. The advertisement manager of a big manufacturing concern becomes the possessor of a magic coat which causes its wearer to regard everybody about him with kindly benevolence—through rose-tinted spectacles, as it were. But something has happened in the telling of Christopher Darley's story, and you never get the full effect of the mystery. It is difficult to explain the reason, because Mr. Onions has written with all his wonted care. Perhaps it is that he has gone into too much detail—the novel is 360 pages—or that the setting in which he has placed his characters is not a particularly attractive one.

ALTHOUGH *April, May and June* (Stanley Paul, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Hilda Willett, ends on a note of tragedy, I am sure it will appeal to many readers, especially those who know Cornwall. It is the love-story of Raquel Haviland, who gets her odd Christian name from her great-grandmother, a Spaniard married to a Cornish squire. The action passes in three months, and much of the glamour of the Cornish coast in spring and summer creeps into it. The street-dancing on May Day in a Cornish town is described delightfully.

ANOTHER novel with Cornwall for its setting—or, rather, part of its setting—is *The Time of Gold* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Diana Patrick, a book I enjoyed thoroughly. It is not only brightly written—you always expect that from Miss Patrick—but original in conception. The heroine, Lotti Loring, a successful singer, takes refuge in Cornwall under her second name of Jenny for a reason that I am not going to disclose. There she meets a dramatist, and the rest of the story concerns their love affair, its abrupt ending, and ultimate wedding bells. Lotti is an attractive and charming heroine.

EVERYBODY interested in the stage should read *Enter the Actress* (Harrap: 15*s.*), by Rosamond Gilder. We are told that the history of the European theatre "covers some twenty-five hundred years, but only during the last three hundred and eighty have women been allowed any official part in its development." The book, which must have meant the most painstaking research, begins with a sketch of the Greek and Roman stage, and then goes on to the first woman-playwright, a German nun. The first actresses appeared on the Italian stage, but in England women's parts were taken by boys until 1656. The writer has not confined herself to actresses. She also tells us about women-playwrights—the account of Aphra Ben is very well done—and directors, ending up with the famous Madame Vestris, the first woman lessee of an English theatre.

MR. CECIL ROBERTS is angry with "Junius"—very angry. He objects to certain passages in my review of his autobiography, *Half Way*. In a letter voicing his complaint he writes: "'I know nothing more irritating than inferential snobbishness,' says 'Junius.' I know something even more irritating. It is inverted snobbery. Of the ninety critics who have reviewed the book he is the only one to display it."

I am sorry to have annoyed Mr. Roberts so acutely, but am unrepentant in my opinion, and must, therefore, remain in the world of "inverted snobbery," outside the fold of my eighty-nine brethren.

"JUNIUS."

For the Collector

COLLECTORS of signed artists' proofs will doubtless be interested in "The Devil's Bridge, Kirby Lonsdale," from the original oil painting by Reginald Brundrit, A.R.A., now published in colour facsimile by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd., 26, King Street, St. James's, and 10, Clare Street, Bristol. The original was exhibited last year at the Royal Academy, of which Mr. Brandrit has recently been elected an Associate. It is one of the most refreshing and delightful pieces of colour landscape we have seen for a long time, possessing breadth of handling and brilliant colouring of the scene of early Spring, with the placid waters of the lake holding the reflection of the green trees above. The artist has signed two hundred and seventy-five copies only, and, stamped by the Fine Art Trade Guild, they are offered at four guineas each.

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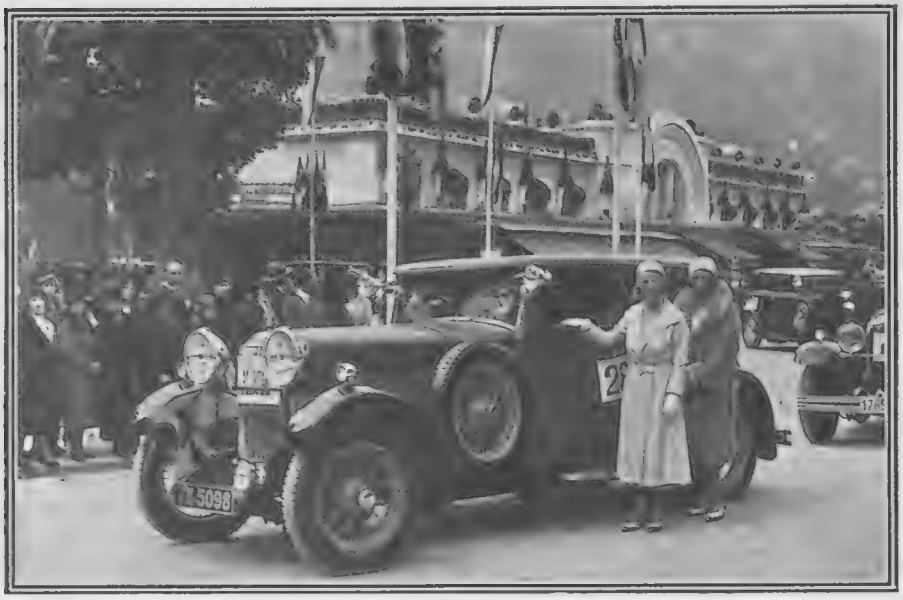
MOTOR NOTES

CUT OUT THE CODDLING! By E. M. Wright



A 20 h.p. Sunbeam with Rally Weymann saloon body, owned by Capt. Fred Bell. It secured first prize in its class in the recent Concours d'Elégance at Monte Carlo

THOUSANDS of motorists are quite unaware of the wonderful service which our two leading motoring organisations provide—service which has no parallel in any other part of the world. Motor clubs abroad are chiefly social and sporting organisations. Their appeal is confined to the enthusiast. Our Royal Automobile Club and our Automobile Association, on the other hand, are designed primarily to help the average owner-driver, and the huge membership of which they can boast is proof of their universal appeal to all classes of motor owners.

***

THEIR road signs and their road patrols have become so much a matter of course that few, if any, ever stop to consider what magnificent service the A.A. and the R.A.C. render, not merely to motorists, much less to members only, but to everyone who uses the roads. Divided views are held on the question of whether private organisations should undertake such work. Many, myself among them, hold that it ought to be a public charge. But no one will question the efficiency with which it is carried out.

***

BREAKDOWNS need have no terrors for a member of one or other of these bodies. A.A. road patrols are always on duty, and the R.A.C. have organised an excellent get-you-home service in the event of an accident. Expert engineers will advise on all technical points. Free legal advice is available and free defence should any member be summoned for a motoring offence. Last, but not least, comes the work of the touring departments. There is almost nothing which they will not do free for their members. It is indeed my complaint that the service is so complete that a holiday-maker who places himself unreservedly in the hands of the touring department is left with nothing more to do but to drive the car!

***

IT is in the provision of the facilities which neither individuals nor public bodies are able to arrange themselves that the A.A. and the R.A.C. reach their highest usefulness. Too frequently, however, they take upon themselves duties which could well be left to others. When a touring department feels itself called upon to prepare detailed instructions as to where motorists can hear the nightingale, I lift my hands in horror. But when that same touring department, without the slightest fuss or bother, arranges the necessary facilities for a tour on the Continent, I am loud in my praises. Looking for nightingales is a job for the individual. Shipping a car to the Continent is a job which the individual cannot conveniently do for himself.

***

IT is on this point of what the A.A. and the R.A.C. ought and ought not to do that I join issue with them. They spoon-feed the individual, but neglect to fight for reforms which will benefit motorists as a whole. Both bodies exist primarily to promote our best interests. Often it is necessary to fight. Often, however, they are "too proud to fight." Should a public authority fail in its duty they will not fight tooth and nail until the authority is forced to act. Oh, dear, no! More often than not they do the job themselves—and inevitably more is left for them to do.

***

THEY tell motorists how to avoid skids, but they do not bludgeon surveyors into building roads that are proof against skids. Every summer, in gentle, courtly language, they chide the motorist who has the misfortune to spatter his car with newly sprayed tar. But never do they even so much as hint to the surveyor that his slovenliness—I might almost say his criminal negligence—annually costs road users thousands of pounds' worth of damage. Such examples are typical, and sometimes I could wish that our motoring organisations fought a little less on Public School lines. Thugs step in where a gentleman would fear to tread. There is a time to cut out the coddling and get on with the war—in the motorists' interests.

A Humber "Snipe" at the entrance to the Guanabara Palace, Rio de Janeiro, the residence of the Prince of Wales during his visit to the Argentine

IN THE NEWS

New Motor Magazine

Most of our larger motor concerns issue magazines dealing exclusively with their own particular make of car. The latest addition to these house organs is the "Standard Car Review"—and an excellent publication it is. It combines instruction with entertainment. There is, for instance, in this first number, a pleasantly written touring article. Another feature is "Helpful Hints," which gives useful advice in non-technical language. Women are not neglected, for I see there is a special article entitled "For the Ladies," but, seeing that

(*Continued on page x*)

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN

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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page viii)

it describes the experiences of Dr. Mona Vaughan in the Swedish winter trials, its interest is by no means confined to those of the fair sex. Mr. Marcus W. Bourdon, who is responsible for "Comments and Criticism," discusses motor topics of the day, while a whole section is devoted to items about the Standard Company itself, its history and how the business is run. Not the least useful of this magazine's many features is a supplement giving the names of Standard agents all over the country. For that reason alone it is worth while getting a copy of this first issue. "The Standard Car Review" is issued free, and will be supplied regularly to anyone who writes asking for it to the company in Coventry.

Continental Sales

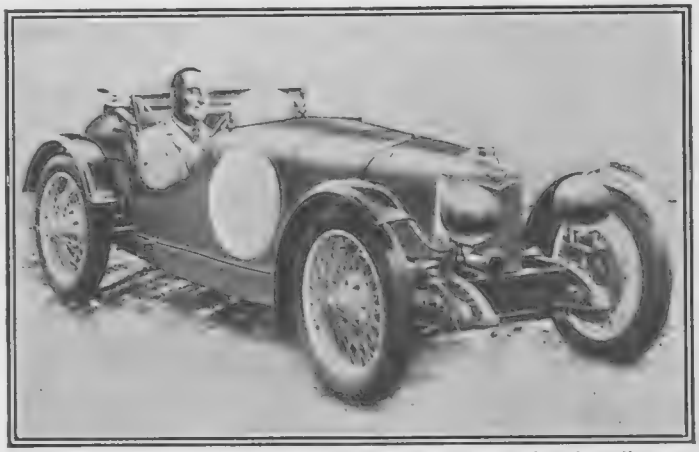
British motor manufacturers are becoming increasingly active on the Continent. Bentley Motors, Ltd., for instance, have recently established a service and sales depot in France, at Neuilly-sur-Seine, just outside Paris. The famous old racing driver, Monsieur Jean Chassagne, is in charge of the service section, while his staff of mechanics has for some time been receiving special training at the Bentley Works. Thanks largely to the introduction of the 8-litre model, sales of Bentley cars on the Continent have latterly increased at an unexpected rate.

Triumph Scorpion

I have long been an admirer of the Triumph Super Seven, and have owned three successive models with every satisfaction. It is not a baby, belonging much more to the 9 h.p. category than the seven as regards its body size, comfort, road holding, brakes, and so forth. It differs only from them in that it has a smaller engine, and is correspondingly cheaper to run without, curiously enough, suffering thereby in its performance. For the last two Triumphs I had, one would do 57 m.p.h. and the other 60; and the performance on middle gear was truly astonishing, one doing 38 m.p.h. and the other over 40 m.p.h. on a ratio so comparatively low that one could quite easily start from rest on it.

Just lately, however, I gave myself the great treat of trying the 12 h.p. six-cylinder version of the Super Seven, the Triumph Scorpion, an illustration of which appeared in our issue of May 13. Except that its maximum speed is not so very much more than that of the Super Seven—indeed, how could it be?—it is a totally different car. The Super Seven engine has rather a heavy flywheel which supplements the three-bearing crankshaft in giving an excellent degree of balance and ability to rev to enormously high speeds, but it also makes for rather a slow gear change. The Scorpion has not the same "fly-wheel effect," with the result that the gear change is much quicker.

Again, the inherent balance of a Six must always be superior to that of a four, and its acceleration better. All these points are delightfully evident on the Scorpion. Other features of the car, such as the hydraulic brakes, are fully up to the high standard set by the Super Seven. Altogether this is a most charming motor car, well worth every penny of its price of £237 10*s*. There is also a very smart open two-seater available at £220 which should, owing to its somewhat lighter weight, have a possible speed of nearly 60 m.p.h.

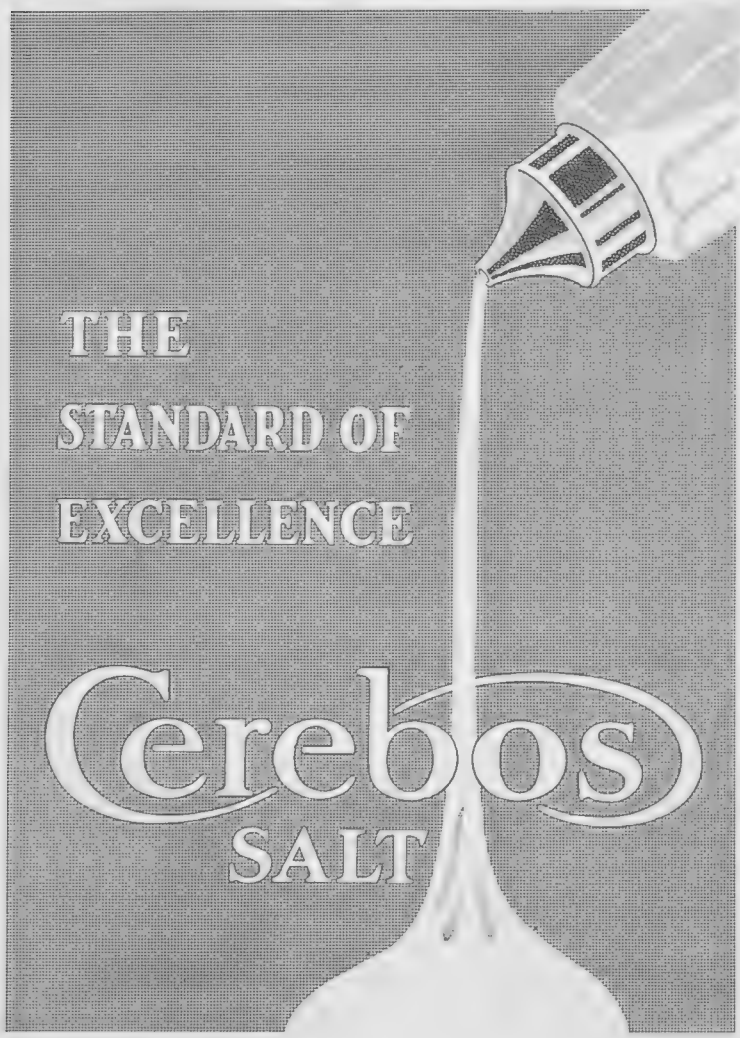


Sir Malcolm Campbell at the wheel of the Riley car in which he will race against the Maserati team in the International Grand Prix at Dublin. After a short run in it, Sir Malcolm expressed himself very satisfied

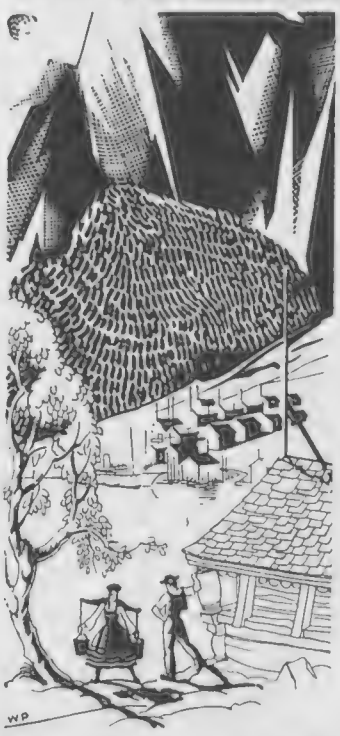
Test Your Tyres

If an owner-driver wishes to obtain the fullest service from his tyres, it is essential that he should keep them at their correct pressure. Kicking them is no test at all. He should take accurate readings with a tyre tester. The makers of a well-known tyre tester, William Turner and Bro., Ltd., Eyre Lane, Sheffield, have just brought out a new and improved model called the Kismet-'31. It costs only 6*s*. 9*d*., but if it is used regularly, say once a week, it will save pounds in one's tyre bill! As on previous models, two outstanding features of this latest Kismet are its flat reading surface and the absence of a perishable rubber sack. It is easy to read, convenient to handle, and extremely reliable.

E. M. W.



The world's most entrancing Scenery....



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One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink.

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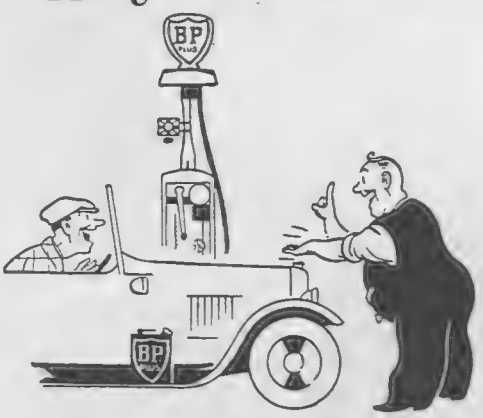
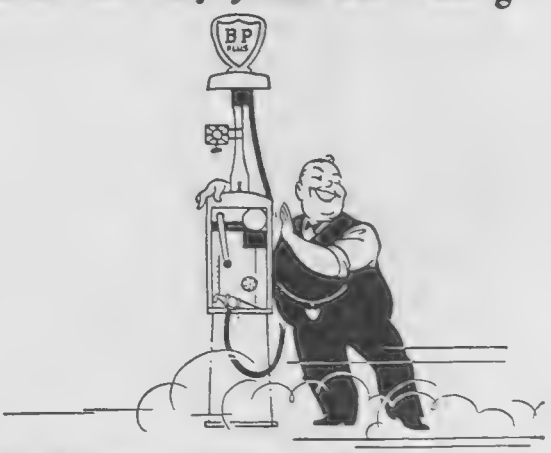


Watch the way your car will go-



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DOGS

POMS AND PERSONALITY — By Lady Kitty Ritson

DON'T make any mistake about it—dogs have, or have not, personality, as the case may be, just as much as people. If one is a dog-lover one likes all dogs and would do the best possible to help the most unattractive, but it is only occasionally that one meets a dog who impresses its personality upon one's consciousness. This possession makes all the difference in the world to a dog's attraction, just as it does with people, so if you are choosing a puppy pick the "infant" that has ways and ideas of its own, and not the handsome nonentity.

I HAD a Pom, "long ago and far away," who was the cleverest and most magnetic of dogs. Many people don't care for Poms, but that is because they only know the tiny show variety. If you want a really good, brave, intelligent companion, buy a Pom which is too large for show, and you will have the possession of a lifetime. This particular dog's pedigree name was "Beautiful Black Boy," but he was known as "B.B.," and when I say he was "known" it is true, for his name was a household word throughout India, England and Germany.

HE was born in India, and I can remember that the day I acquired him I also received a letter from the bank intimating that my account was overdrawn to the amount of £150. By that evening the account was overdrawn to the sum of £170, and it was well worth it, for he was a joy and a treasure to the end of his sixteen-year-old life, and he left a gap which no dog has ever quite filled. To use a hackneyed expression he was "almost human." Personally, I consider this expression a libel on the canine race.

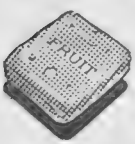
ONE day Sir Pertab Singh, who could never pronounce his "r's," looked at B.B. and said severely: "Sinny-nooking nadie's dog." B.B. regarded him for a split second, and then met his teeth with lightning-like celerity in Pertab Singh's wrist. I must own that that remarkable old gentleman was quite amused, and B.B. went up in his estimation—in fact, he was no longer regarded as "a nadie's dog," but as a fit companion for warriors and hunters.

HE also had decided ideas as regards the conduct of the "sweeper," who is the servant with the lowest caste in India, and regarded as an outcast by the other servants. Whenever this unfortunate creature met B.B. the latter waited until the man said humbly: "Salaam, Puppy Sahib," when he allowed him to proceed, otherwise, if the salutation were omitted, the man was quietly bitten. B.B. was not above biting me if I disturbed him after he was settled for the night, and if I came in from a walk it was an understood thing that B.B. had to be taken out if only for three minutes.

HE accompanied us with the Army of Occupation to Germany, and one day two little German boys threw snowballs at him because he growled at them. I can see now that they had a small measure of right on their side. However, such an act of insubordination on the part of the "enemy" could not be permitted, and the little boys were hauled into the house by an English orderly, and presumably they ate their dinners off the mantelpiece for some time after. During the execution of the sentence B.B. sat and watched them, and then made a truly British gesture by advancing and licking their bare legs!

Miss Crook with Mrs. V. McCall-Smith's White Samite, Prester John of the Pilgrims' Way and Silver Shoon. They are seen at the Peking Palace Dog Association's Open Show at Ranelagh

Dogs Can't Resist Them



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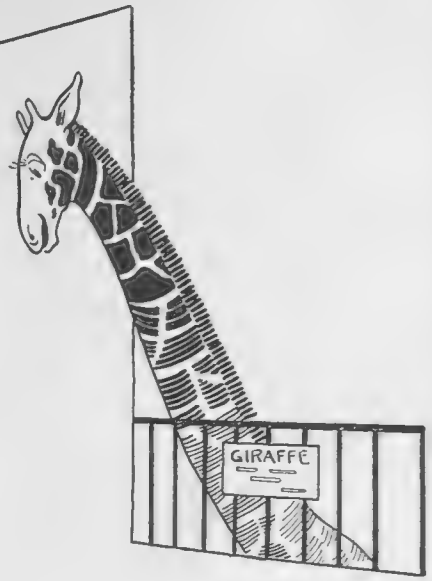

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CANETONS RÔTIS.
SALADE À LA FRANÇAISE.

PAIN DE FRAISES.

ANCHOIS À LA COLMAR.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Crème d'Asperges

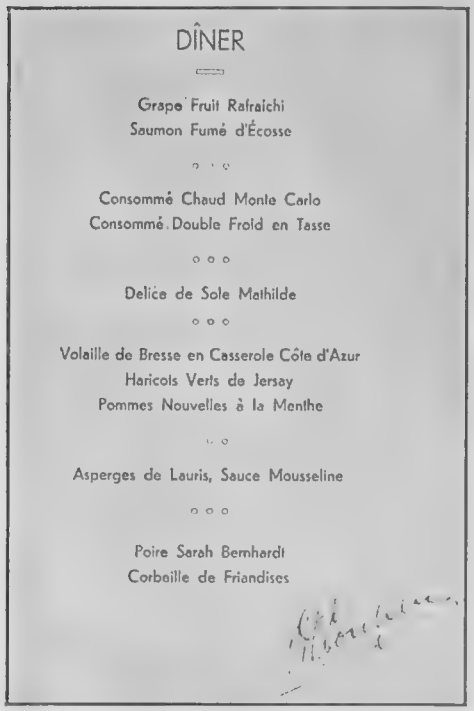
WASH a bundle of asparagus, cut in inch lengths, and boil in one quart of water till tender. Put aside the heads. Rub the remainder through a sieve, return to the water in which they were boiled. Heat one pint of milk, and thicken it with 1 oz. of butter and 1 oz. of flour smoothly mixed. Cook for ten minutes, stirring frequently. Season with salt and pepper, and add the asparagus. Bring to the boil and add a little cream and the heads of the asparagus just before serving.

Saumon à l'Estragon

ONE and a half pounds best cut of salmon, which should be carefully cut into neat slices. Make a broth with 1 lb. of fish trimmings, 3 oz. each of carrots and turnips, 4 oz. of onions, a small bunch of parsley chopped, and a bouquet of marjoram, bayleaf, thyme, chervil, a saltspoonful of pepper and one of salt. When cooked and well flavoured add a gill of claret or hock. Put the broth into a large sauté-pan, bring it to the boil, and slip in the slices of salmon. When it again boils, lower the heat and let it simmer fifteen minutes, when the salmon will be ready, and should be served with the following sauce poured over it: Prepare a soup with ½ oz. of butter and ½ oz. of flour, work it into half a pint of the fish broth, bring it to the boil, skim, strain and finish with a dessertspoonful of finely minced tarragon, the same of anchovy sauce, and, lastly, the yolk of a raw egg well mixed with an ounce of butter.

Pain de Fraises

MAKE two pints of strawberry purée and mix it with threequarters of a pound of pounded sugar. Melt one and threequarter ounces of gelatine in half a pint of water; when cold strain it through a tammy into the purée, stirring all the time. Decorate a plain round mould with almonds, put it on ice and fill it with the purée. Place a tin plate on the top, covered with ice, and let it remain in ice for two hours, then turn it out of the mould and serve with clotted or plain cream.



DÎNER

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Saumon Fumé d'Écosse

Consommé Chaud Monte Carlo
Consommé Double Froid en Tasse

Delice de Sole Mathilde

Volaille de Bresse en Casserole Côte d'Azur
Haricots Verts de Jersay
Pommes Nouvelles à la Menthe

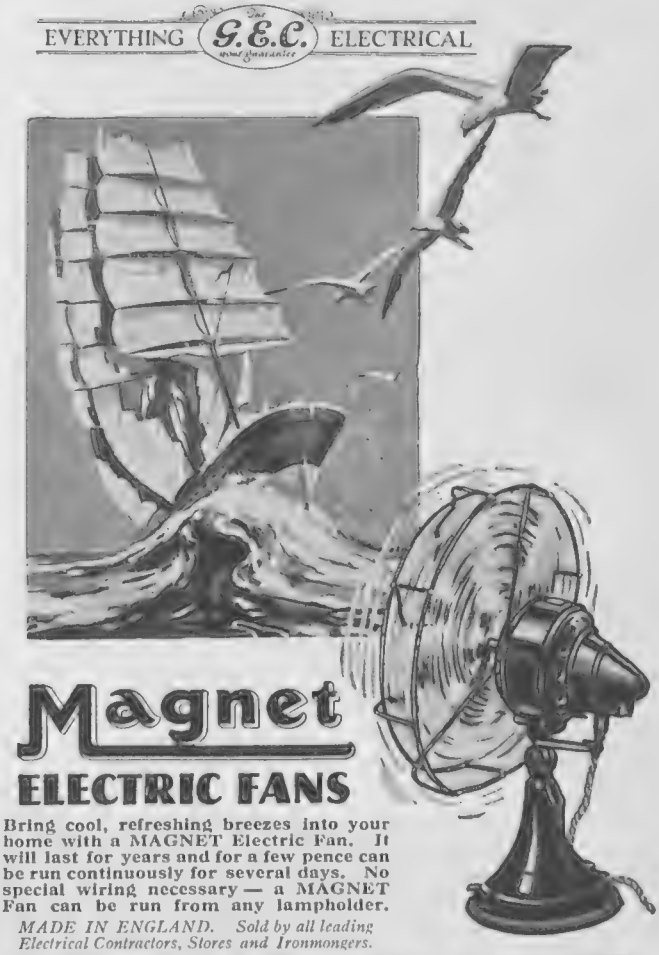
Asperges de Lauris, Sauce Mousseline

Poire Sarah Bernhardt
Corbeille de Friandises

The menu of a special dinner served at the new Poulsen's Club at Datchet. It has been signed by M. Poulsen

Anchois à la Colmar

MAKE some croûtons of fried bread, and put on each a filet of anchovy, garnish each with sieved yolk of egg and the whites chopped very small, and a little anchovy cream.



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Come and see! The beautiful Rhineland

Prospectuses: **"Holidays on the Rhine," "The Rhine in Flames," "By Air from the Lake of Constance to the North Sea," "The Rhine and its Lateral Valleys,"**

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A New Car Lighter

A member of our staff who, in common with most motorists, is a smoker, and consequently finds a certain amount of difficulty in lighting a cigarette whilst the car is in motion, has recently been using an ingenious improvement of the ordinary electric lighter. This model, known as the "Delarelle," has a small vertical funnel into which any size cigarette may be placed, and on pressure of a button below for ten seconds the cigarette is lighted. The obvious advantages of this neat gadget are that the whole operation of lighting a cigarette may be performed with one hand and without taking the eyes off the road. The only disadvantage of this useful addition to the dashboard is that one is apt to smoke more cigarettes for the sheer pleasure of using it! It is made in six- and twelve-volt models in various colours, and it may be obtained from Delarelle, Ltd., 30, Newgate Street, E.C.1, at the reasonable price of 5*s*.

Fighting Trade Depression

As a result of the Prince of Wales's recent and stirring "Wake Up Business" speech delivered to industrialists in Birmingham, the Mayor of Hackney has undertaken a spirited campaign to stimulate "business consciousness" and pride in home industries amongst the people of Hackney. In furtherance of this campaign he paid an official visit on his own initiative, on June 3, to the works of Messrs. Lewis Berger, Ltd., the famous paint manufacturers, and was shown over the works by Sir Herbert Hambling, Bart., chairman of the company. In reply to an address of welcome, the Mayor of Hackney drew attention to the way in which Messrs. Lewis Berger are successfully maintaining employment during the present trade depression through their go-ahead policy, and pointed out that this firm has supplied paint for such diverse purposes as Turner's famous landscapes and the painting of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, and great liners such as the Empress of Britain and the Mauretania, etc.

A New Liner

On the return of the Worcestershire from her maiden voyage to Rangoon, Bibby Bros. invited us to look over this beautiful ship, in which nothing appears to have been forgotten for the comfort of her passengers. The whole of the accommodation is amidships. The cabins are fitted with bedsteads instead of superimposed berths, and there is ample wardrobe space. The drawing-room, the smoke-room, lounge, dining-room (which is oak panelled), the verandah café, all harmonise in furnishings. A delightful covered-in nursery and lots of deck space to play in is provided for children.

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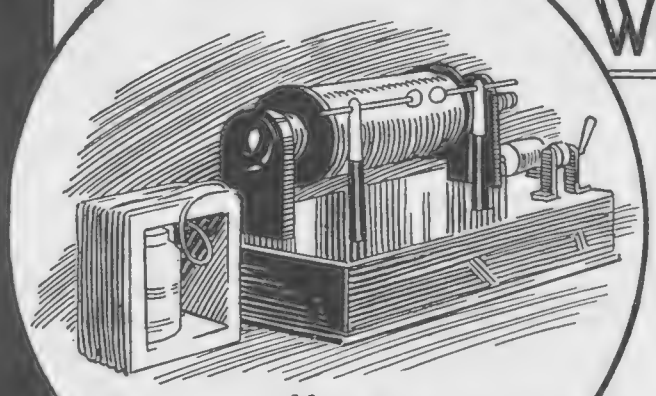

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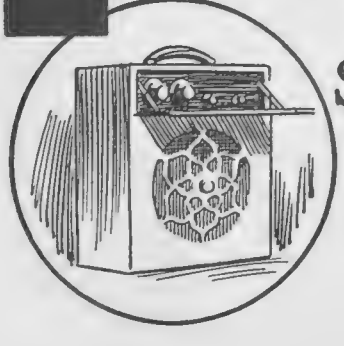

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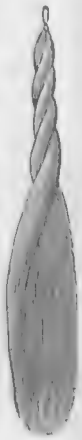

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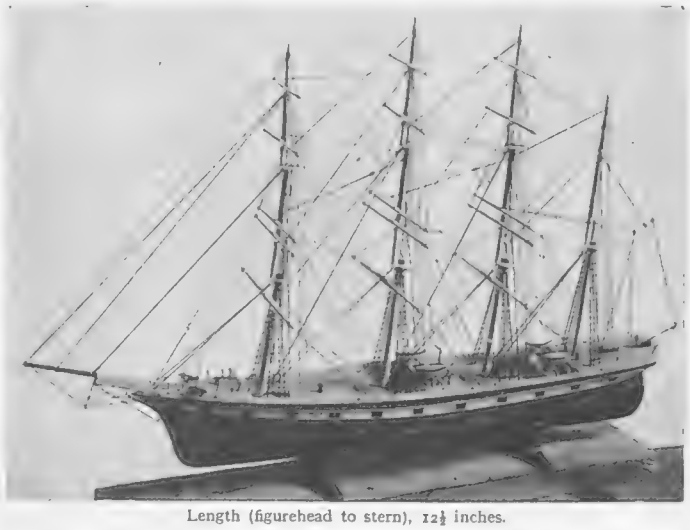

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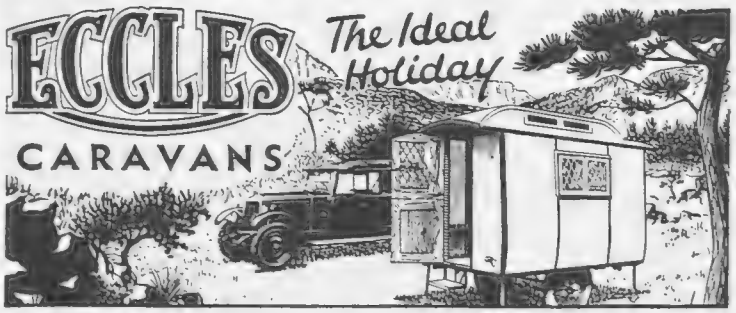

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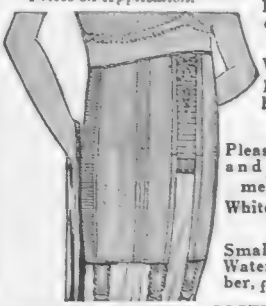

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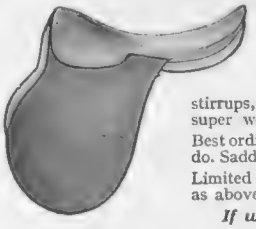

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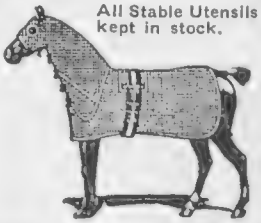

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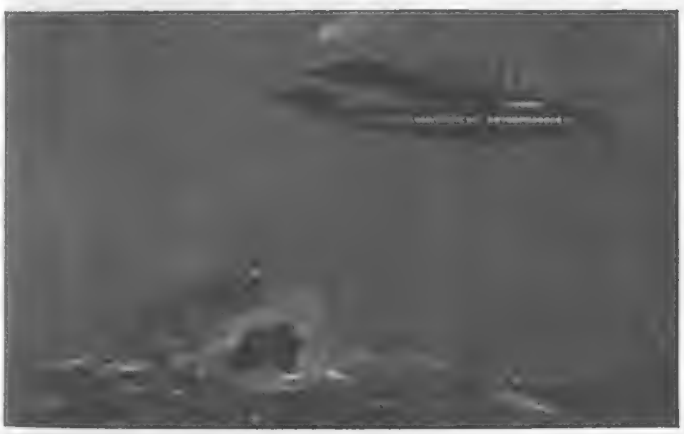

The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by.

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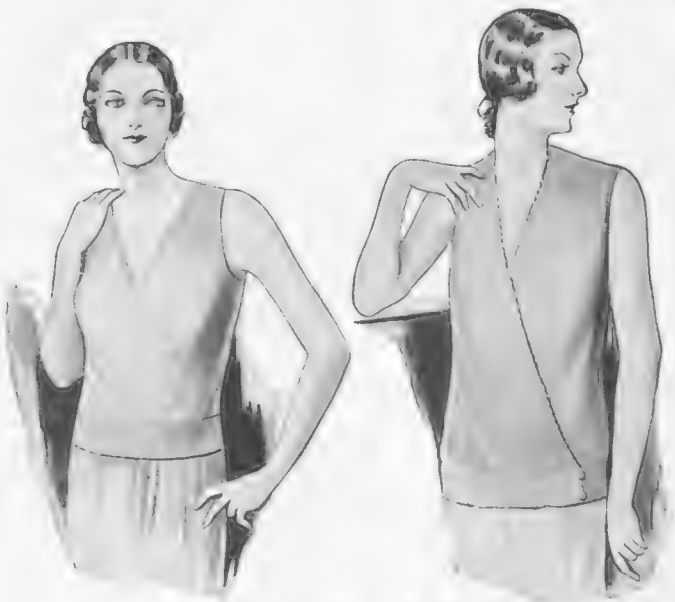

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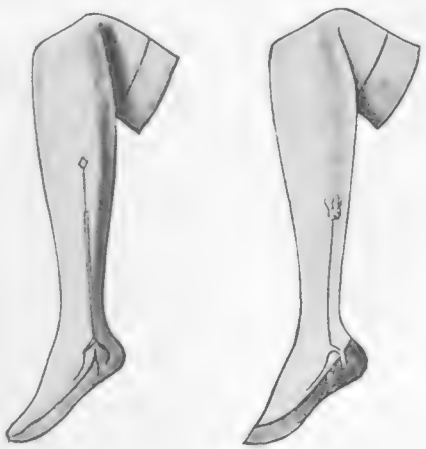

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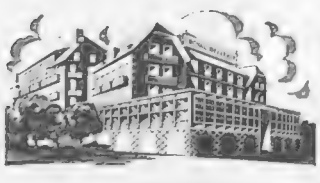

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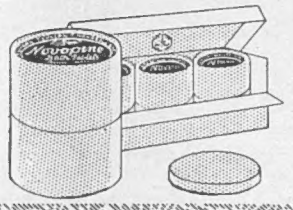

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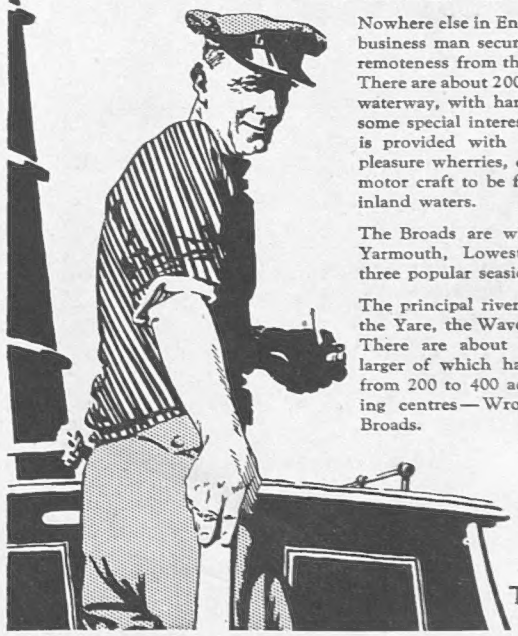

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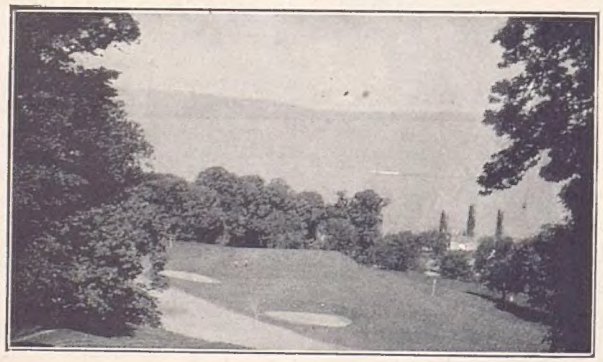

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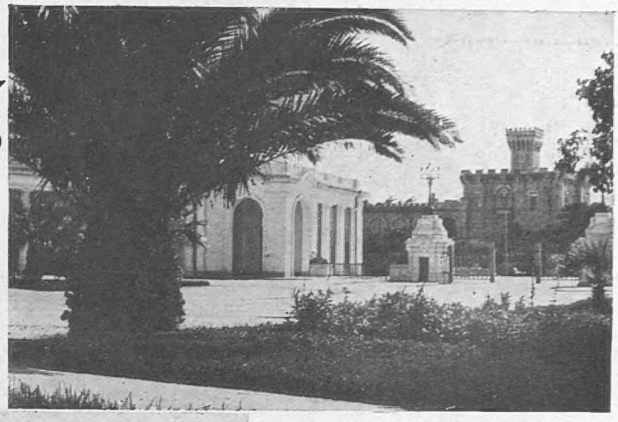

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Duggie : "Then I would have asked Lord Finchley to get a certified copy of the telegram, and, provided that was in order, I would have paid him his winnings immediately."

Sir Edward : "Then you not only make good wires which are lost, but also those which are wrongly transmitted?"

Duggie : "Exactly. In my opinion, Sir Edward, no backer can reasonably be expected to do more than hand in his telegram all in good order. His responsibility should cease there. As the telegraph officials refuses to undertake any liability for their mistakes, the only fair alternative is for me to do so instead."

Sir Edward : "Very fair, indeed. You might send your rules to Colonel Cheriton and Lord Finchley. By the way, Stuart, what are you doing about the 'Tote?'"

Duggie : "There is no facility offered by the 'Tote,' Sir Edward, which my clients may not enjoy, and, of course, on credit.

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart

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